

**BATMAN**  
No. 40

APRIL...MAY  
TEN CENTS



# BATMAN

**BATMAN**  
AND **ROBIN**  
ARE BAD LUCK FOR  
THE **Joker**  
WHEN HE JOINS  
"The 13 Club"



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OH, HIPPEY-HOP—  
ONCE HE STARTS READING  
HE JUST HATES TO STOP!  
DO YOU WANT TO KNOW WHY?  
IT'S REALLY QUITE CLEAR—  
HIS GUIDE IS THIS SYMBOL,  
GUARANTEE OF GOOD CHEER!



—ON THE COVER OF  
**ANIMAL  
ANTICS**  
FOR EXAMPLE,  
IT'S YOUR  
GUARANTEE  
OF THE BEST  
IN ANY COMIC  
MAGAZINE!

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# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

- THE BOY WONDER -



EVENING... AND ALL GOTHAM CITY RADIOS TUNE IN ON A STRANGE, NEW TELEVISION PROGRAM...



AND SO, TELEVISION AUDIENCE, BEGINS ANOTHER MEETING OF THE **13 CLUB**, ORGANIZED BY LOCAL CITIZENS TO PROVE THAT BAD LUCK SUPERSTITIONS ARE NONSENSE. PRESIDENT RAY STANDISH WILL OFFICIATE...



AS FIRST MEMBER, I WILL DEFEY SUPERSTITION—BY LETTING A **BLACK CAT** CROSS MY PATH!

HA! HA!



YES, IT'S THAT MIRTHFUL MONTEBANK—**THE JOKER!**

HA! HA! SO THEY THINK DEFEYING SUPERSTITION WON'T BRING BAD LUCK? AS SHAKESPEARE SAID, "JESTERS DO OFTEN PROVE PROPHECIES!" I, THE GRIM JESTER, WILL SEND THE **13 CLUB** A PROPHECY THAT WILL **MAKE THEM SUPERSTITIOUS—**AT A PROFIT TO MYSELF!



AND WHILE THE JOKER PLAYS—JAMES BLANNING **SPILLS SALT...**



...AND GRAY, MARTIN AND JONES, STORE OWNERS, LIGHT CIGARETTES—**THREE ON A MATCH...** WHILE NICHOLAS NOBLE **BREAKS A MIRROR!**





WHILE THE JENNINGS BROTHERS, CONTRACTORS, WALK UNDER A LADDER... ED CHANDLER OPENS AN UMBRELLA INDOORS, AND MILT BUNDY PUTS HIS SHOES ON A TABLE...



AND NOW WE PRESENT A MAN WHO DEFIED SUPERSTITION BY BECOMING OUR 13TH MEMBER... YES, WHAT IS IT, BOY?

PACKAGE FOR THE 13 CLUB? MARKED "URGENTS"?



THE PACKAGE IS OPENED...

Since you invite bad luck, you invite me. An old superstition says that to be behind a 6-ball means black years - so, I send this 13 Club omen!



THE JOKER! OH, MY!

GENTLEMEN! WE CAN'T ALLOW THE JOKER TO RUIN OUR CLUB! ORDER! ORDER!

WE'LL NEED PROTECTION!



I NOW PRESENT MEMBER NUMBER 13... HENRY -

NO! I RESIGN! I'M NOT SUPERSTITIOUS - BUT IF THE JOKER'S IN ON THIS - I'M OUT!



DESPERATE, STANDISH TURNS TO THE TENSE AUDIENCE...

WHO AMONG YOU WILL BECOME MEMBER NUMBER 13? SURELY SOMEONE...?





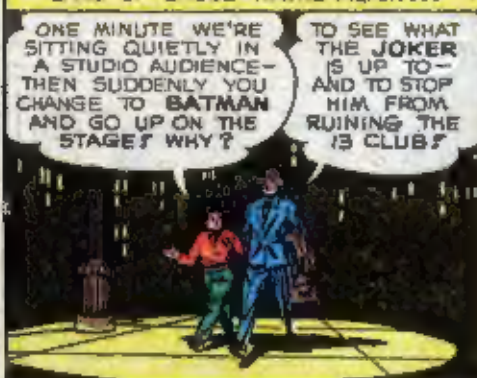
SILENCE! AND WITHOUT A 13TH MEMBER, THE CLUB IS A FAILURE! THEN A FIRM VOICE SPEAKS...



MEANWHILE, THE JOKER LISTENS IN...



LATER, AFTER BATMAN DONS THE GARB OF BRUCE WAYNE AGAIN...



THAT NIGHT, UNINVITED GUESTS APPEAR AT THE STANDISH MANSION...



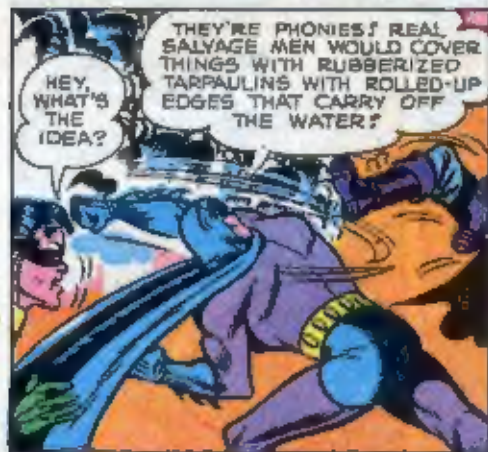
NEXT DAY, TNT BLASTS A HOLE IN A DIKE BEING BUILT BY BLANNING, THE ENGINEER WHO SPILLED SALT...

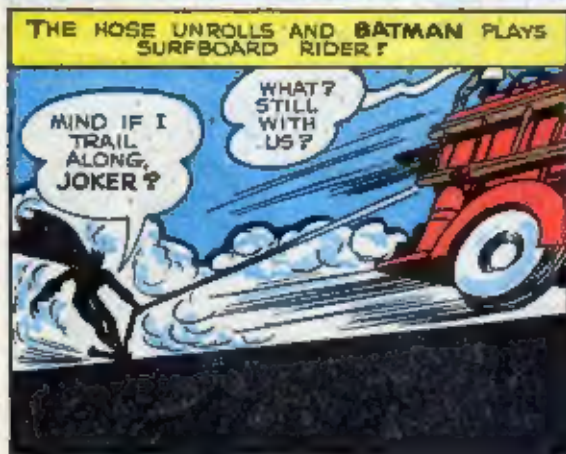
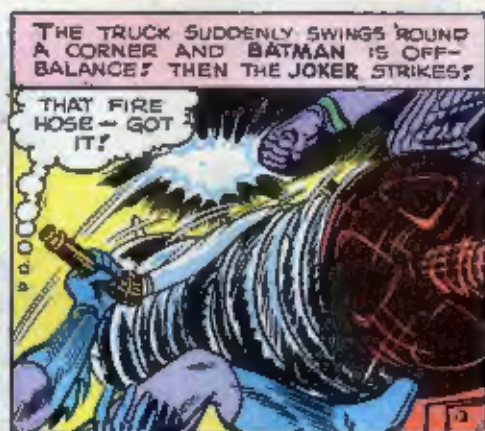
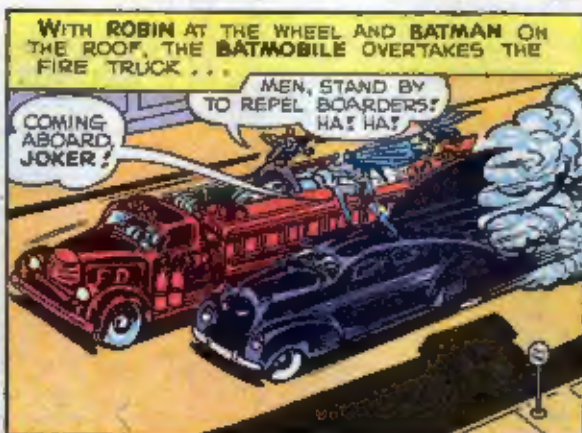


AND SALT WATER SPILLS FROM THE BAY, FLOODING THE ROAD AS A BANK TRUCK PASSES...













WHEN BATMAN COMES TO...

Y-YOU'RE  
ALL  
RIGHT?

OKAY... BUT MY  
LEGS FEEL LIKE  
BOILED  
SPAGHETTI! THE  
JOKER WON THIS  
ROUND— SO LET'S  
CALL IT A NIGHT!

MORNING— BATMAN AND ROBIN GO TO THE STATE UNIVERSITY...

PROFESSOR NOBLE  
IS NEXT ON THE JOKER'S  
LIST! HE BROKE  
A MIRROR!

HEY—  
LOOKS  
LIKE  
EXCITEMENT  
OVER THERE!

WHAT'S  
UP,  
FELLA?

OH... BATMAN! SOMEBODY  
SET OFF A BOMB IN THE  
ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY  
AND CRACKED THE  
MIRROR OF OUR  
TELESCOPE!

QUICK!  
ANYTHING IN  
THE OBSERVATORY  
LIKE GOLD OR  
DIAMONDS?

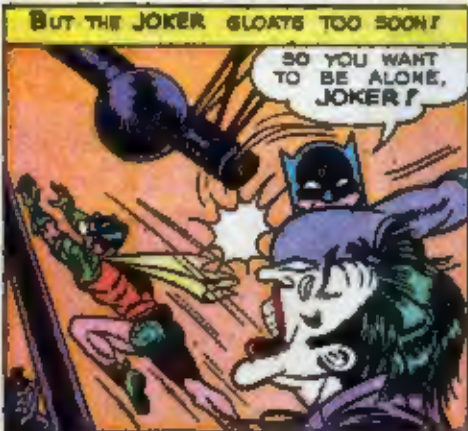
NO... WAIT—  
OUR ATOM  
SMASHER—  
WE'VE BEEN  
EXPERIMENTING  
WITH  
PLATINUM!

I AGREE!  
THAT SMASHED  
MIRROR SENT  
EVERYONE TO THE  
OBSERVATORY! SO  
WE'LL BE ABLE  
TO LIFT THE  
PLATINUM FROM  
THE ATOM SMASHER  
LABORATORY  
UNDISTURBED!  
HA! HA!

JOKER,  
YOU'RE A  
GENIUS!

BUT THE JOKER GLOATS TOO SOON!

SO YOU WANT  
TO BE ALONE,  
JOKER?



WE'LL DO  
SOME  
SMASHING—  
BUT IT WON'T  
BE ATOMS!



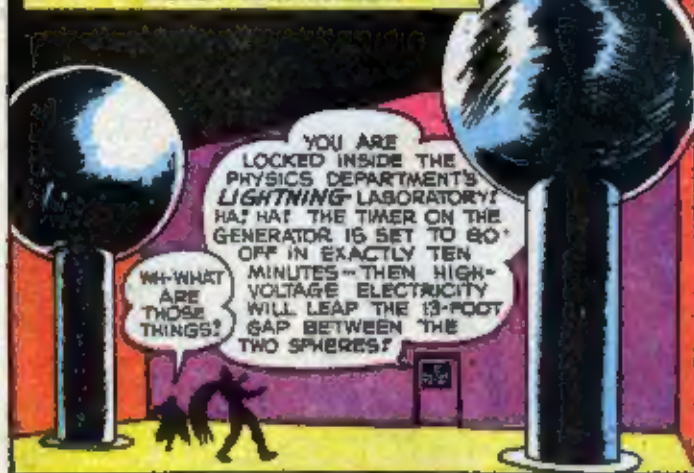
WHILE BATMAN TURNS TO MEET THE  
ATTACK OF A THUG, THE MADCAP  
OF MENACE SCALES THE TUBE'S  
INSULATORS...



HAS HAS PARDON  
ME WHILE  
I KNOCK WOOD—  
FOR LUCK!



MOMENTS LATER, THE DYNAMIC DUO  
REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS— AND LOOK  
ABOUT WITH HORROR!



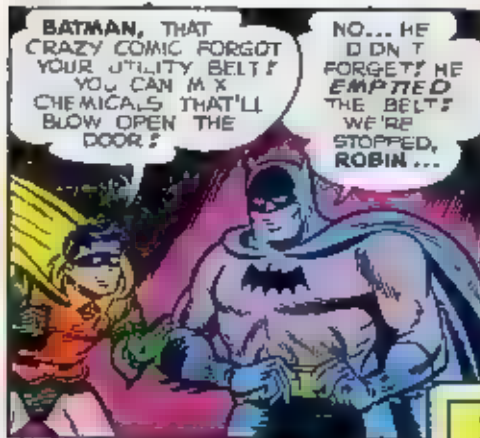
YOU ARE  
LOCKED INSIDE THE  
PHYSICS DEPARTMENT'S  
**LIGHTNING** LABORATORY!  
HA! HA! THE TIMER ON THE  
GENERATOR IS SET TO 80  
OFF IN EXACTLY TEN  
MINUTES— THEN HIGH-  
VOLTAGE ELECTRICITY  
WILL LEAP THE 13-FOOT  
GAP BETWEEN THE  
TWO SPHERES!

WH-WHAT  
ARE  
THOSE  
THINGS?

YOU'RE  
TRAPPED IN THE  
ELECTRICAL FIELD!  
THE SPHERES WILL  
THROW OFF  
LIGHTNING SPARKS  
THAT'LL BURN YOU  
TO A CRISP!  
GOODBYE,  
BATMAN—  
GOOD LUCK!  
HA! HA! HA! HA!





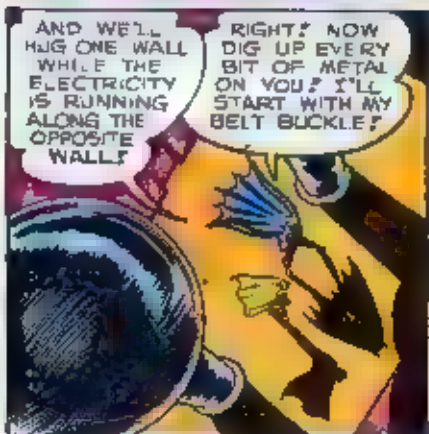


BATMAN, THAT CRAZY COMIC FORGOT YOUR UTILITY BELT! YOU CAN MIX CHEMICALS THAT'LL BLOW OPEN THE DOOR!

NO... HE DIDN'T FORGET! HE EMPTIED THE BELT! WE'RE STOPPED, ROBIN...

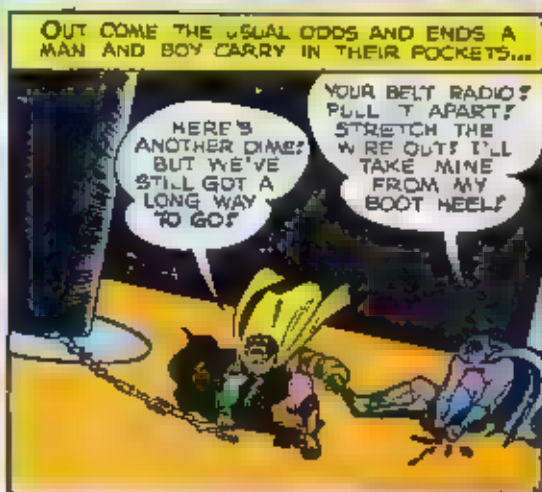
**DOWN—BUT NOT OUT...**

...BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A CHANCE! ELECTRICITY IS LAZY... IT FOLLOWS THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE! IF WE RUN A CHAIN OF METAL ALONG ONE WALL, CONNECTING THE TWO POLES, THE ELECTRICITY WILL MOVE ALONG THE METAL PATH RATHER THAN LEAP THE GAP!



AND WE'LL HUG ONE WALL WHILE THE ELECTRICITY IS RUNNING ALONG THE OPPOSITE WALL!

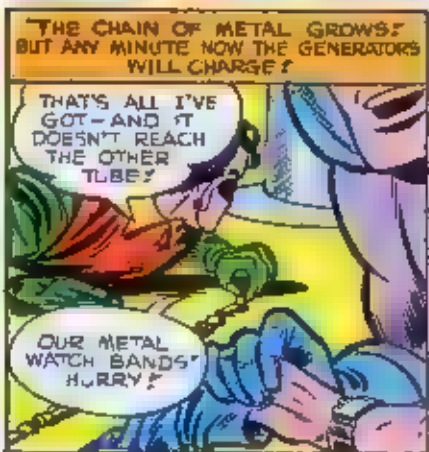
RIGHT! NOW DIG UP EVERY BIT OF METAL ON YOU! I'LL START WITH MY BELT BUCKLE!



**OUT COME THE USUAL ODDS AND ENDS A MAN AND BOY CARRY IN THEIR POCKETS...**

HERE'S ANOTHER DIME! BUT WE'VE STILL GOT A LONG WAY TO GO!

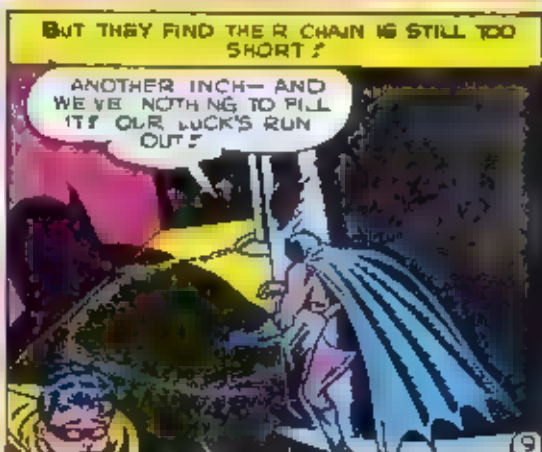
YOUR BELT RADIO! PULL IT APART! STRETCH THE WIRE OUT! I'LL TAKE MINE FROM MY BOOT HEEL!



**THE CHAIN OF METAL GROWS! BUT ANY MINUTE NOW THE GENERATORS WILL CHARGE!**

THAT'S ALL I'VE GOT—AND IT DOESN'T REACH THE OTHER TUBE!

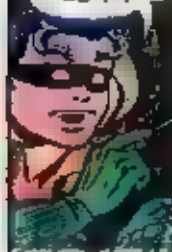
OUR METAL WATCH BANDS! HURRY!



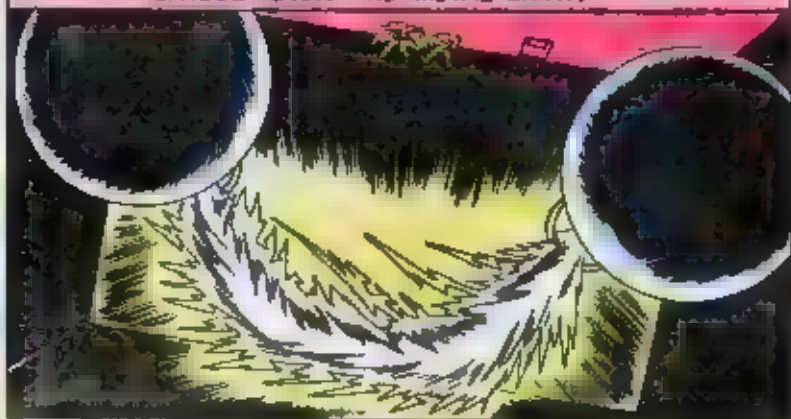
**BUT THEY FIND THE CHAIN IS STILL TOO SHORT!**

ANOTHER INCH—AND WE'VE NOTHING TO FILL IT! OUR LUCK'S RUN OUT!

NOT YET?  
LOOK WHAT I  
FOUND ON THE  
FLOOR! A  
PIN. AN  
ORDINARY  
STRAIGHT  
PIN THAT'LL  
DO IT?

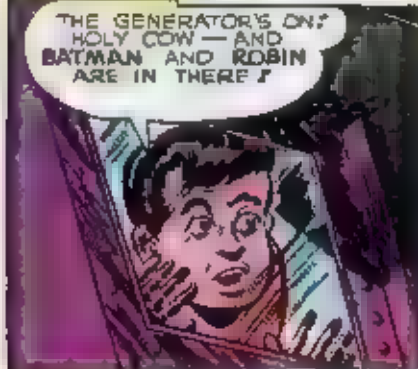


AND THE LITTLE PIN COMPLETES THE LIFE-LINES! JUST IN  
TIME — FOR THE NEXT MOMENT, A FORK OF FLAME  
DANCES OVER THE METAL CHAIN!



AND AT THAT  
MOMENT...

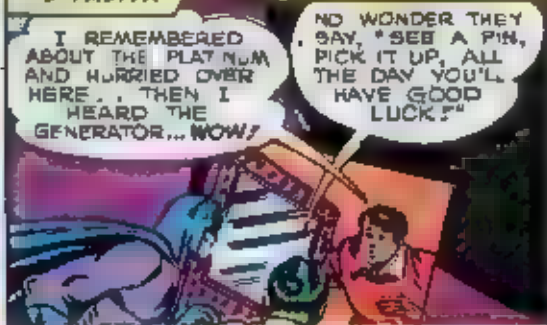
THE GENERATOR'S ON!  
HOLY COW — AND  
BATMAN AND ROBIN  
ARE IN THERE!



THE SWITCH IS THROWN AND THE DANGER  
IS PAST...

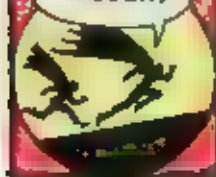
I REMEMBERED  
ABOUT THE PLATNUM  
AND HURRIED OVER  
HERE... THEN I  
HEARD THE  
GENERATOR... WOW!

NO WONDER THEY  
SAY, "SEE A PIN,  
PICK IT UP, ALL  
THE DAY YOU'LL  
HAVE GOOD  
LUCK!"



LATER .

IF OUR LUCK  
HOLDS, WE  
CAN CATCH THE  
JOKER WORKING  
ON THE  
JENNINGS  
BROTHERS!  
REMEMBER—  
THEY WALKED  
UNDER A  
LADDER!



SIDE BY SIDE ARE TWO CONTRACTING JOBS BEING DONE  
BY THE JENNINGS BROTHERS - A SANDBLASTING AND  
A HOUSE-WRECKING JOB?



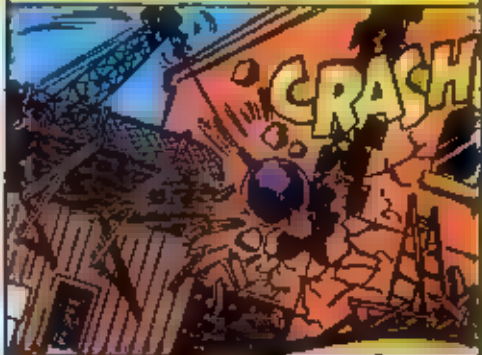




SUDDENLY, A DRIVERLESS CAR HURTTLES DOWN THE STEEP HILL, SMASHES INTO THE LADDERS SUPPORTING THE SANDBLASTERS?



AND IN THE ENSUING CONFUSION, THE JOKER GETS CONTROL OF THE WRECKING DERRICK.



THEN THE HARLEQUIN OF HATE AND HIS PACK ENTER THE BANK...

HAS THE LADDER HAS DONE ITS SHARE... NOW WE TAKE OURS! TO THE BANK VAULTS, YE HEARTIEST!



WHILE, OVERHEAD, TWO MANTLED AVENGING ANGELS APPROACH...

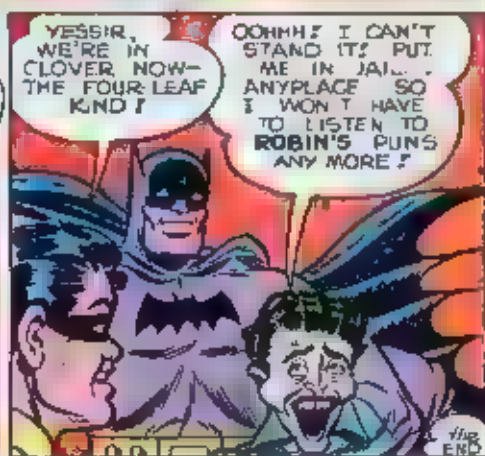
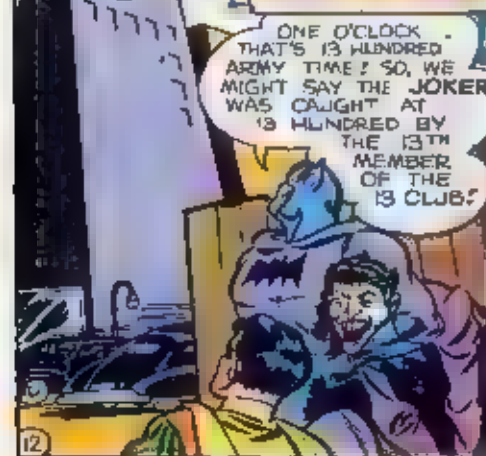
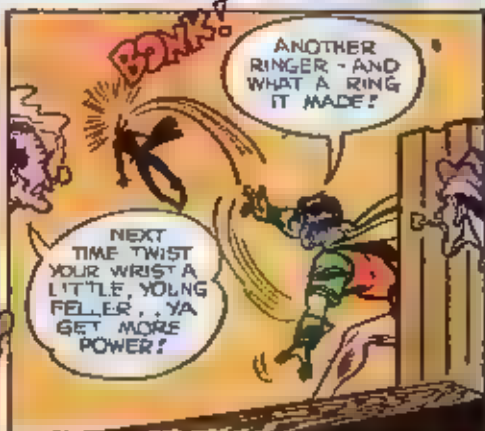


YOU? HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

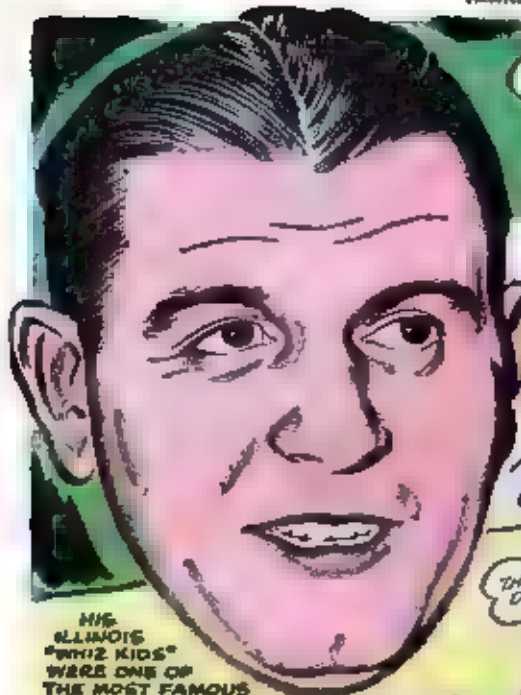
BY CARRIER PIGEON?

LOSING YOUR SENSE OF HUMOR, JOKER?









MIL  
ILLINOIS  
"WHIZ KIDS"  
WERE ONE OF  
THE MOST FAMOUS  
TEAMS IN COLLEGE  
BASKETBALL  
HISTORY

IS THAT  
ALL COACH?



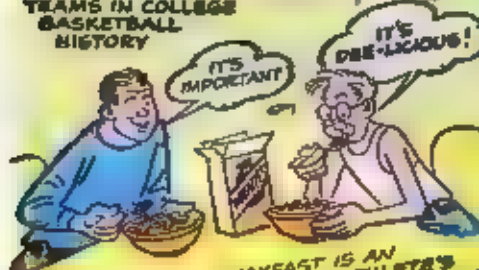
MILLS' "KIDS" (1992-93)  
WERE THE FIRST TEAM  
TO SWEEP A BIG NINE  
SCHEDULE IN 13 YEARS -  
FIRST TEAM TO WIN TWO  
CONSECUTIVE TITLES IN  
29 SEASONS

Doug **MILLS**

THANKS,  
DOUG



THANKS,  
KID



IT'S  
IMPORTANT

IT'S  
DELICIOUS!

THE "KIDS" GAVE  
COACH MILLS BIG  
NINE RECORDS FOR  
TOTAL POINTS, TOTAL  
TOTAL GOALS AND  
FIELD GOALS. ONE  
TOTAL GAME. ONE  
KID SET AN INDIVIDUAL  
SCORING RECORD WITH BETTER THAN  
21 POINTS PER GAME

"A NOURISHING BREAKFAST IS AN  
IMPORTANT PART OF AN ATHLETE'S  
TRAINING SCHEDULE," SAYS DOUG MILLS.  
"THAT'S WHY I RECOMMEND WHEATIES,  
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS, WITH  
MILK AND FRUIT AS AN IDEAL  
TRAINING DISH. I THINK YOU'LL LIKE  
THAT SWELL WHEATIES FLAVOR, TOO."

WHEATIES HELP  
YOU WHIZ THRU  
THE DAY



**WHEATIES**  
**BREAKFAST**  
**OF CHAMPIONS**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.



# BATMAN

## ROBIN

THE BOY WONDER

DID YOU EVER WONDER WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THE MIGHTY TEAM OF BATMAN AND ROBIN SHOULD BE BROKEN UP? WELL, NOW IT CAN BE TOLD... FOR TRAGEDY STRIKES, AND BRUCE WAYNE'S JUNCTIME DEATH IS MOURNED PUBLICLY AND PRIVATELY—AND ONLY ALFRED, THE BROKEN HEARTED BUTLER, REMAINS TO STAND BESIDE THE FORLORN DICK GRAYSON... BUT THE UNDERWORLD MUST NEVER KNOW THAT BRUCE'S DEATH MEANS THE END OF BATMAN, JUST A TIDAL WAVE OF CRIME BE UNLEASHED! AND SO WE HAVE THE SAD, YET STIRRING AND WARMLY HUMAN STORY OF —

*"The CASE of BATMAN II."*





ONE MORNING, THE GOTHAM CITY NEWSPAPERS CARRY A TRAGIC HEADLINE...



AND AS THE SHADOW OF TRAGEDY HOVERS OVER GOTHAM HOSPITAL... DICK GRAYSON AND THE FAITHFUL WAYNE BUTLER, ALFRED, KEEP ANXIOUS VIGIL...



THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT, THE SLEEPLESS WATCHERS WAIT...



"BRUCE WAYNE IS DEAD!" SCREAM THE HEADLINES... AND SOME DAYS LATER, IN THE BLEAK MANSION HE ONCE INHABITED...

MR HENRY BUSH, SIR—THE LATE MR. WAYNE'S LAWYER?

HUH?

SO SAD! TSK, TSK! AS EXECUTOR OF MR. WAYNE'S VAST ESTATE, WHEN WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE ME READ THE WILL?

WILL?... OH, YES.

AND AS THE BUSTLING LAWYER DEPARTS

WHAT A GREAT MAN MR WAYNE WAS, SIR! HIS AFFAIRS ARRANGED AS IF HE KNEW HIS LIFE MIGHT END AT ANY MOMENT?

NOT QUITE, ALFRED!

HE DIDN'T PROVIDE ANOTHER BATMAN—AND WE NEED ONE! THE UNDERWORLD MUST NEVER KNOW THAT BATMAN DIED WHEN BRUCE WENT!

HOW TRUE MAWSTER DICK! BUT NO ONE CAN EVER TAKE BATMAN'S PLACE!

A SECOND BATMAN? THE IDEA SEEMS PREPOSTEROUS TO THE BEREFT BOY AND THE BUTLER, WHO WANDER THROUGH THE BATMAN'S HALL OF TROPHIES

I'VE GOT TO CARRY ON ALONE BUT IT'S A BIG ORDER!

REMEMBER, TH'S CASE, ALFRED? YOU SAVED BATMAN'S LIFE AND NEARLY LOST YOUR OWN!

IF ONLY I COULD HAVE (SNIFF) GIVEN MY LIFE (SNIFF) FOR HIM THIS TIME!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY

BEETLE BOLES? I  
THOUGHT YOU WERE  
IN THE BIG HOUSE!

FOR YOUR  
INFORMATION  
COPPER, I CRASHED  
OUT - AN' YOU AN'T  
TAKIN' ME BACK!

LOAN  
OPEN  
ALL NIGHT

Cafe



LET'S GOT THE WHOLE  
POLICE DEPARTMENT  
CAN'T STOP US NOW!

AAA-AA-AA...



A MINUTES LATER THE AWESOME  
BAT SYMBOL FLAMES IN THE SKY!

OH OH COMMISSIONER  
GORDON'S CALLING  
FOR HELP! BLT  
I DON'T DARE  
TELL EVEN HIM  
THAT BATMAN  
IS DEAD!

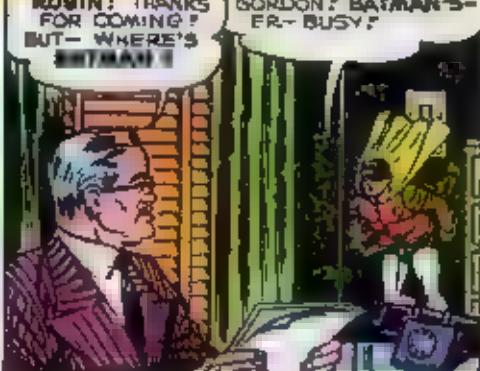
IF ONLY I  
COULD TAKE  
HIS PLACE!



SHORTLY...

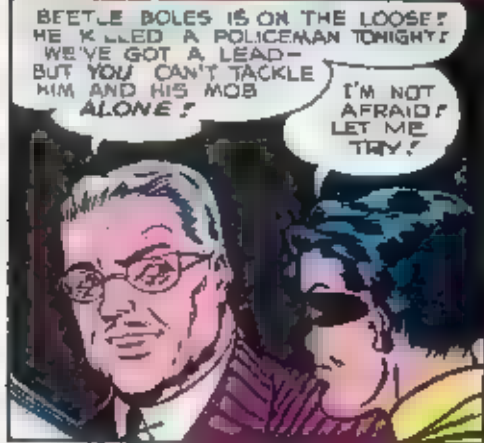
ROBIN! THANKS  
FOR COMING!  
BUT- WHERE'S  
BATMAN?

I'M ON DOUBLE DUTY  
TONIGHT COMMISSIONER  
GORDON! BATMAN'S-  
ER- BUSY!



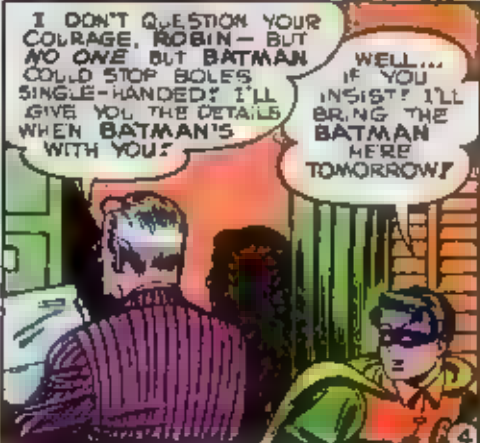
BEETLE BOLES IS ON THE LOOSE!  
HE KILLED A POLICEMAN TONIGHT!  
WE'VE GOT A LEAD-  
BUT YOU CAN'T TACKLE  
HIM AND HIS MOB  
ALONE!

I'M NOT  
AFRAID!  
LET ME  
TRY!



I DON'T QUESTION YOUR  
COURAGE, ROBIN- BUT  
NO ONE BUT BATMAN  
COULD STOP BOLES  
SINGLE-HANDED! I'LL  
GIVE YOU THE DETAILS  
WHEN BATMAN'S  
WITH YOU!

WELL...  
IF YOU  
INSIST! I'LL  
BRING THE  
BATMAN  
HERE  
TOMORROW!





QUITE AN ORDER  
ROBIN HAS  
UNDERTAKEN TO  
FILL WITH **BRUCE  
WAYNE** GONE,  
WHERE WILL HE  
FIND ANOTHER  
**BATMAN**? TRUE,  
A MAN OF  
FALTLSS PHYSIQUE  
AND KEEN MIND  
MIGHT, AFTER YEARS  
OF INTENSIVE  
TRAINING, COME  
CLOSE TO THE  
REQUIREMENTS...  
BUT ROBIN HAS  
ONLY 24 HOURS!

NEXT MORNING-

BUT MAWSTER DICK,  
THIS IS A FUTILE QUEST!  
NO ONE COULD POSSIBLY  
FILL THE REQUIREMENTS!

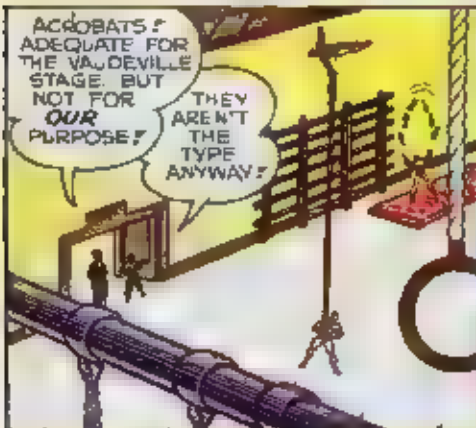
WE'LL SEE! THIS PLACE  
IS PATRONIZED BY  
AMATEUR AND  
PROFESSIONAL  
ATHLETES!  
MAYBE...

JASPER'S GYM



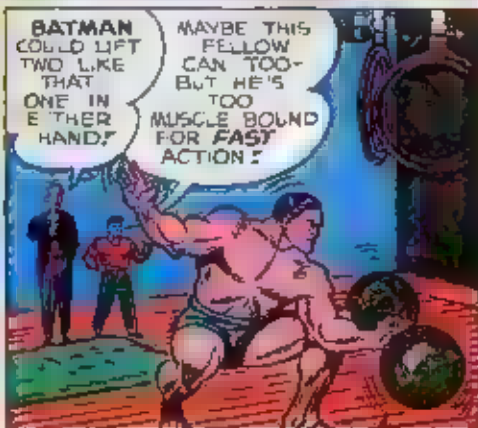
ACROBATS?  
ADEQUATE FOR  
THE VAUDEVILLE  
STAGE, BUT  
NOT FOR  
OUR  
PURPOSE!

THEY  
AREN'T  
THE  
TYPE  
ANYWAY!



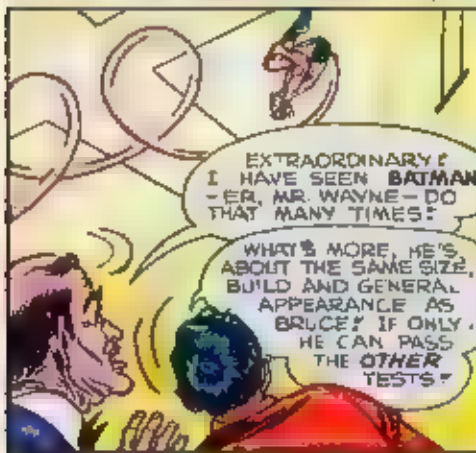
BATMAN  
COULD LIFT  
TWO LIKE  
THAT  
ONE IN  
EITHER  
HAND!

MAYBE THIS  
FELLOW  
CAN TOO-  
BUT HE'S  
TOO  
MUSCLE BOUND  
FOR FAST  
ACTION!



EXTRAORDINARY!  
I HAVE SEEN **BATMAN**  
-ER, MR. WAYNE- DO  
THAT MANY TIMES!

WHAT'S MORE, HE'S  
ABOUT THE SAME SIZE,  
BUILD AND GENERAL  
APPEARANCE AS  
**BRUCE**! IF ONLY  
HE CAN PASS  
THE OTHER  
TESTS!

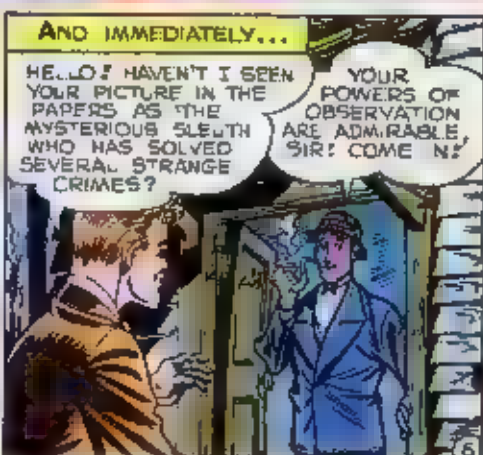
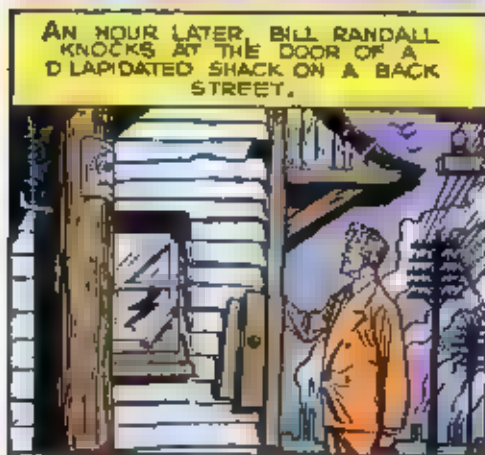
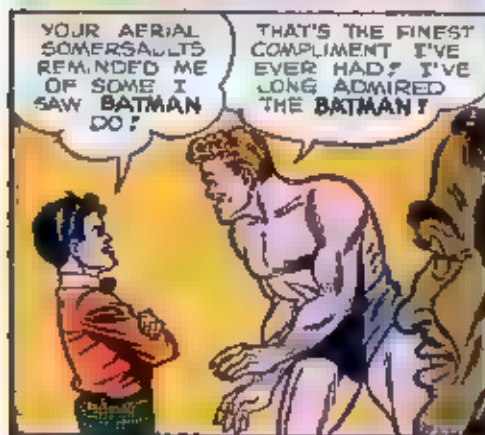
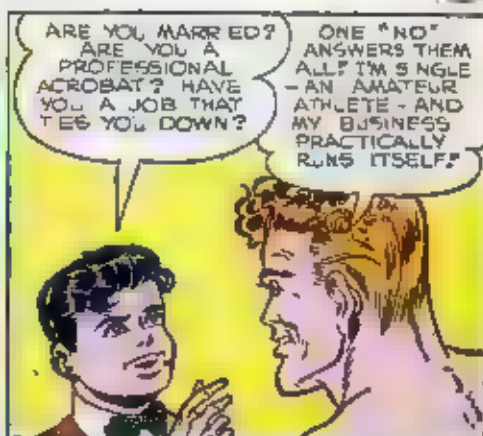
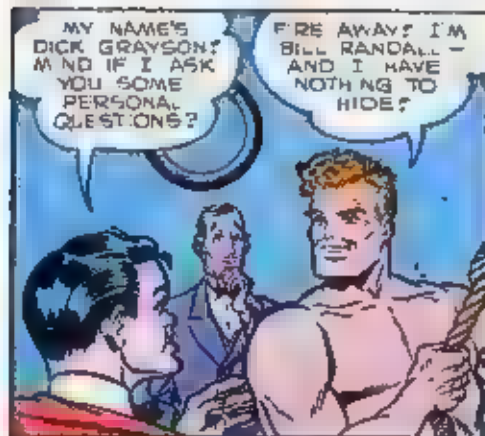


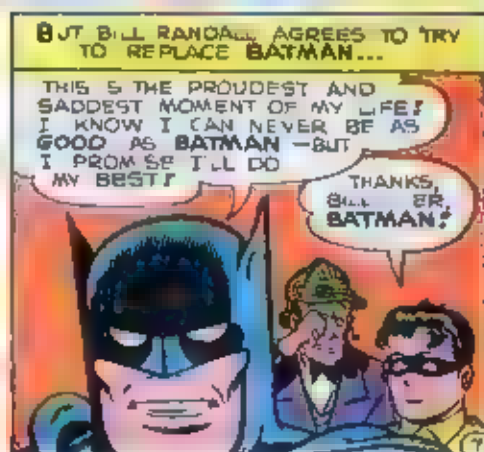
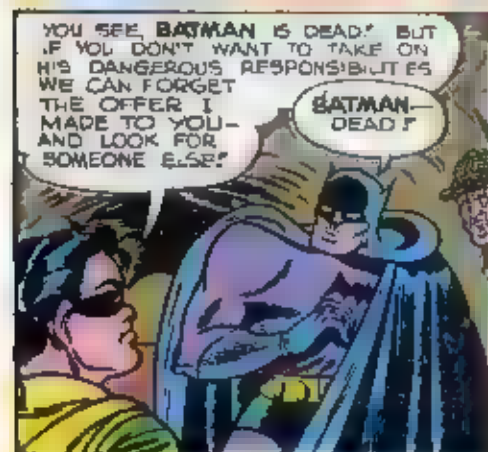
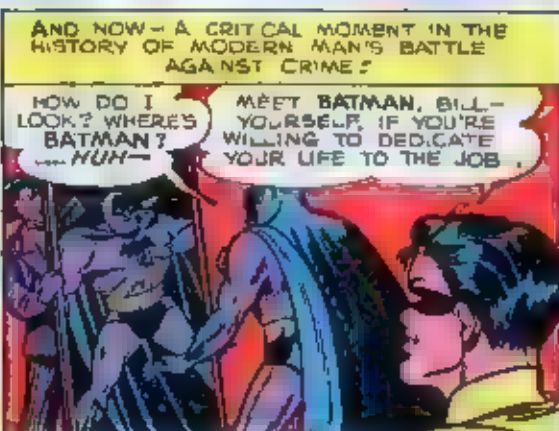
AND, SIR,  
I'M NOT SAYING  
HE'S AS GOOD AS  
THE LATE MAWSTER  
-BUT HE ISN'T BAD!

HE  
CERTAINLY  
ISN'T  
ALFRED!









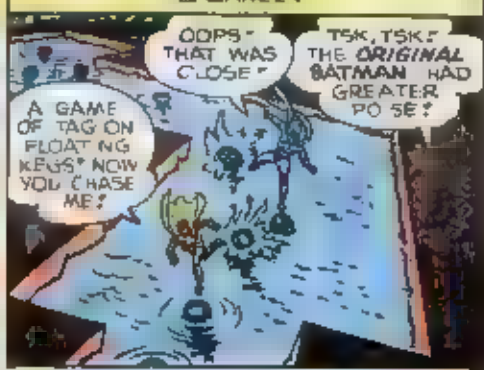




THE SINCERITY OF "BATMAN II" IS EVIDENT BUT THAT IS NOT ENOUGH: THERE ARE ARDUOUS TESTS SUCH AS THIS BLUNTFOLD EXPERIMENT IN NERVE AND MUSCULAR CONTROL...



AND THIS ONE, CALLING FOR SURE FOOTING AND A FINE SENSE OF BALANCE?



OOOPS - THAT WAS CLOSE!

TSK, TSK! THE ORIGINAL BATMAN HAD GREATER POISE!

A GAME OF TAG ON FLOATING KEYS? NOW YOU CHASE ME!

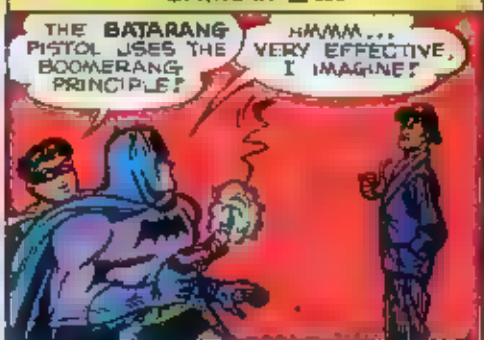
YES PRECISION TEAMWORK IS OF UTMOST IMPORTANCE IN THE WORK OF THE DYNAMIC DUO!



ALLEY-

-HUP!

THEN THERE ARE SPECIAL WEAPONS AND UNIQUE DEVICES WHOSE MYSTERIES MUST BE REVEALED TO BATMAN II...



THE BATARANG PISTOL USES THE BOOMERANG PRINCIPLE!

HMMM... VERY EFFECTIVE, I IMAGINE!

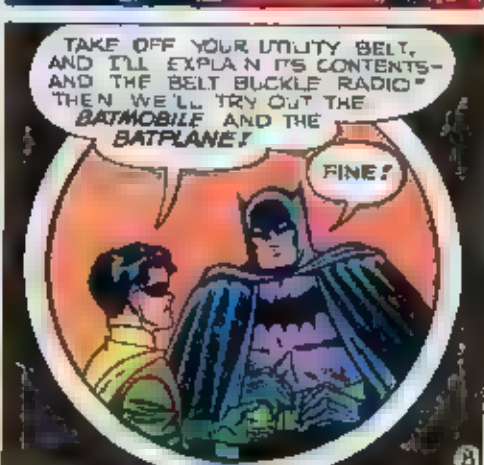
MY WORD! HOW CLUMSY OF HIM!

YES, INDEED - VERY EFFECTIVE!



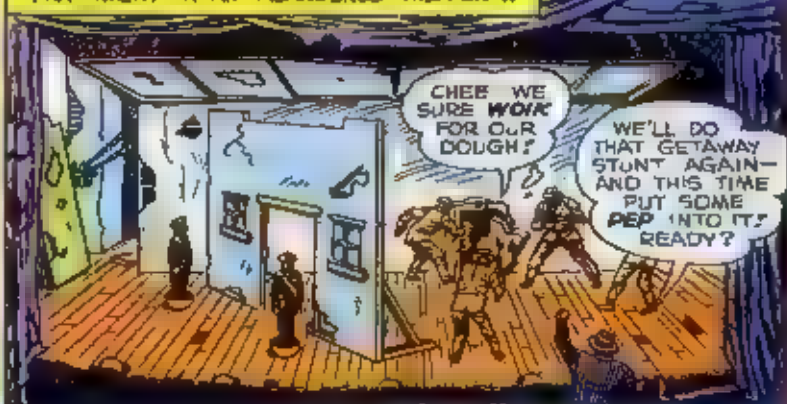
TAKE OFF YOUR UTILITY BELT, AND I'LL EXPLAIN ITS CONTENTS - AND THE BELT BUCKLE RADIO - THEN WE'LL TRY OUT THE BATMOBILE AND THE BATPLANE!

FINE!



AND THE  
VALUE OF  
REHEARSAL  
FOR  
IMPORTANT  
ACTION IS  
APPRECIATED  
ALSO BY  
BEETLE  
BOLES,  
MASTER OF  
SAVAGE  
UNDERWORLD  
STRATEGY?

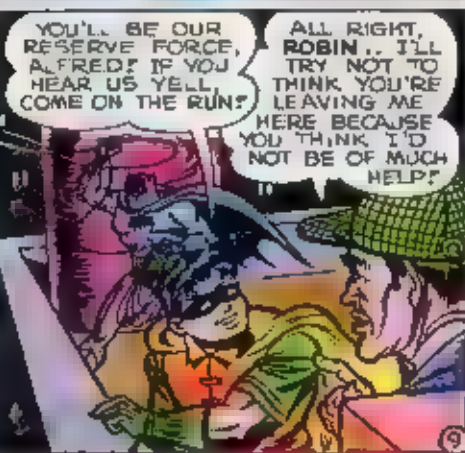
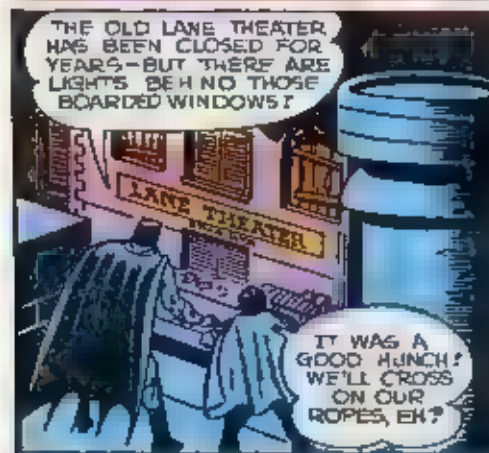
THAT NIGHT IN AN ABANDONED THEATER ..



AND NOT FAR AWAY

COMMISSIONER  
GORDON MENTIONED  
UNDERWORLD RUMORS  
THAT BEETLE'S GOING  
"THEATRICAL" SO  
WE'LL PLAY OUR  
HUNCH!

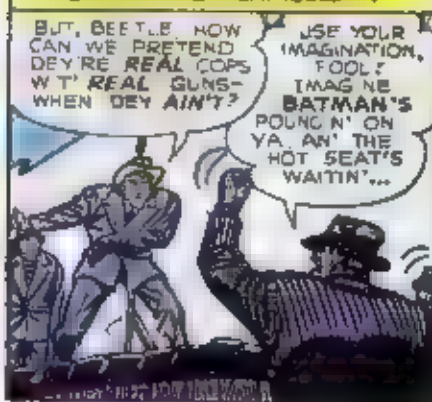
MY WORD!  
I CAME ALONG  
TO COACH  
"BATMAN II"—  
BUT IT'S ALL  
I CAN DO  
TO KEEP  
UP WITH  
HIM!



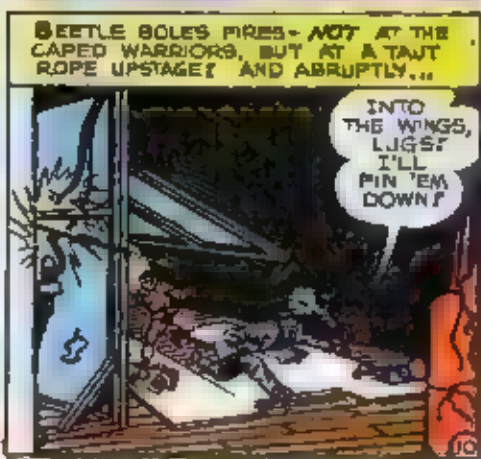
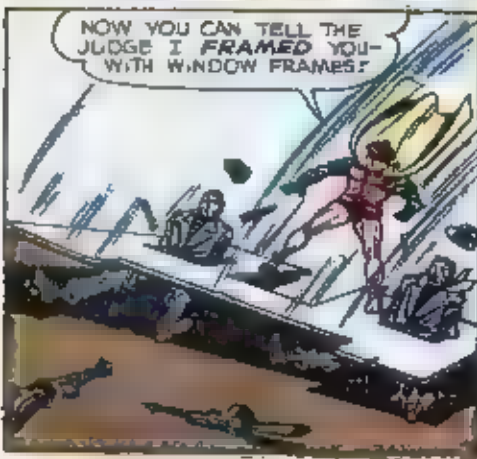
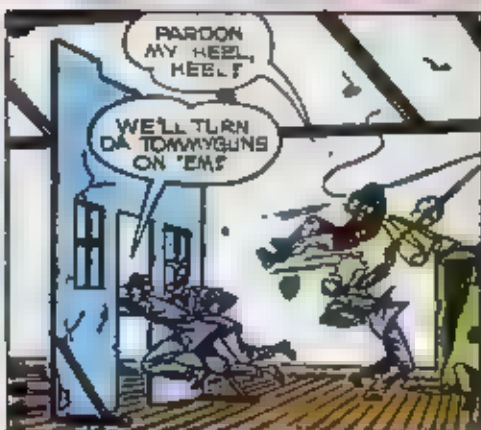


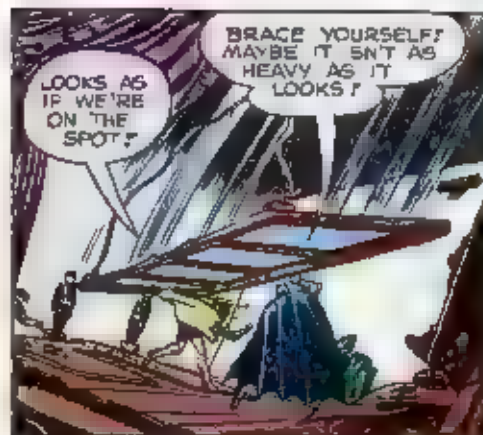


## INSIDE THE PLAYHOUSE

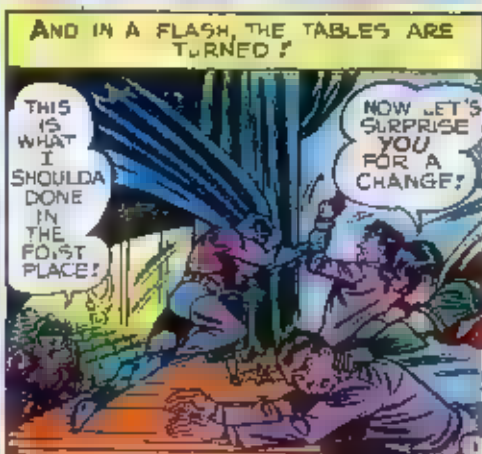


## Suddenly....

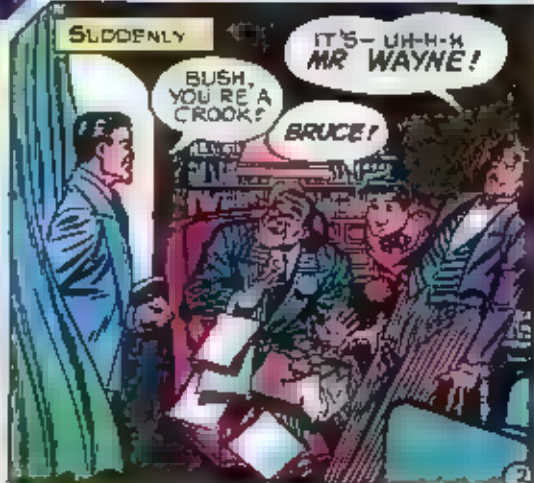
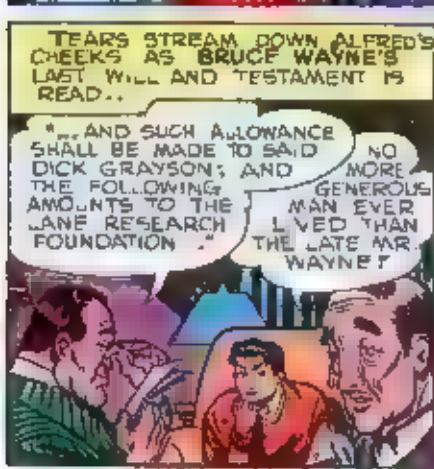
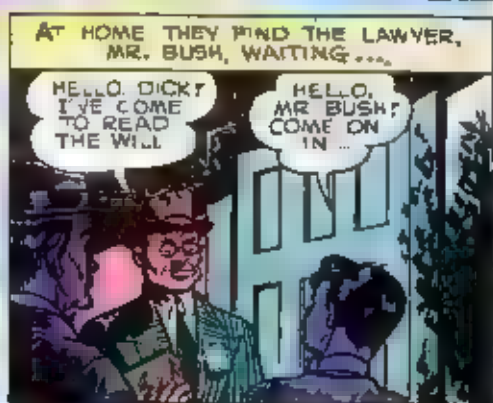
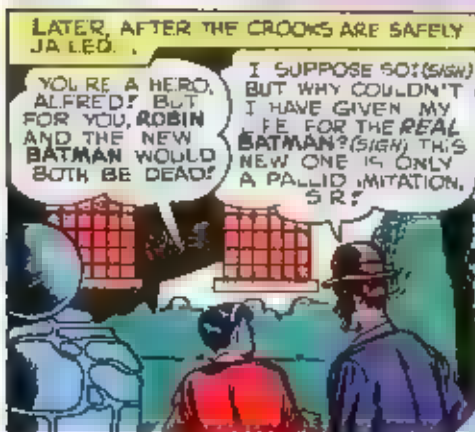
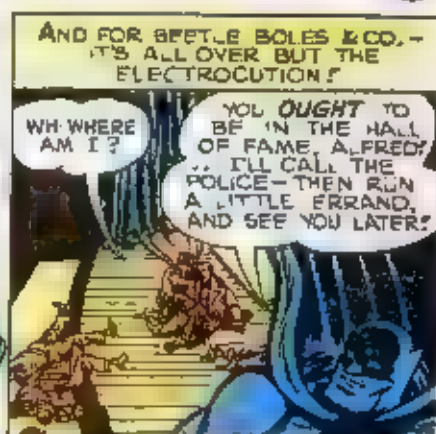


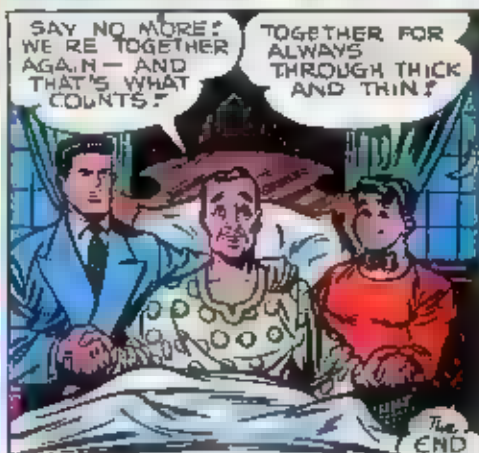
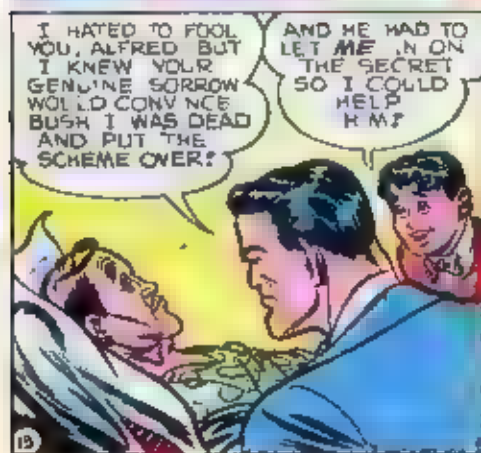
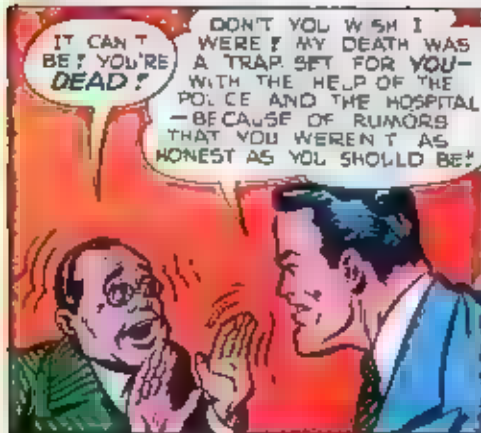


ALFRED'S NEXT MOVE SEEMS TO MEAN CERTAIN DEATH— YET HE DOES NOT HESITATE!











# HURRY! VALUABLE COMPASS RING!

HEY, KIDS! DON'T MISS  
OUT ON THIS HANDSOME,  
SCIENTIFIC RING!



AND DON'T MISS A MORNING  
OF MY FAVORITE CEREAL,  
NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT!



- Specially designed for National Biscuit Company!
- Styled by a leading American ring designer!
- Streamlined, sturdy construction!
- Self-adjusting band, fits any finger!

- Glistening, gold-color victory bronze
- Accurate magnetized needle always swings North!



**LAST CALL** for this compass ring! Nine a day, but a *few* of a scientific instrument set in a magnificent finger ring! Just as no woodchuck would ever be without a compass, so no bright boy or girl will be without this *compass ring*! Why it might even help make you a *hero*! Here is all you do to get your compass ring: mail it with one box up from that famous favorite,

Nabisco Shredded Wheat. It's tempting, it's easy, it's the hearty whole wheat cereal with the picture of Niagara Falls on the box. Always good and good all ways, the flavor's baked in for keeps! Ask Mother to buy you a box of Nabisco Shredded Wheat. Then mail the box top with 1¢ for your compass ring. But hurry - there aren't too many left!

Nabisco Shredded Wheat,  
Dept. 2-C  
P.O. Box 15, Secaucus, N.J.  
New York, N.Y.

Please rush me my COMPASS RING in enclosing 1 Nabisco Shredded Wheat box top and 1¢.

(Please print name and address)

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_ State: \_\_\_\_\_



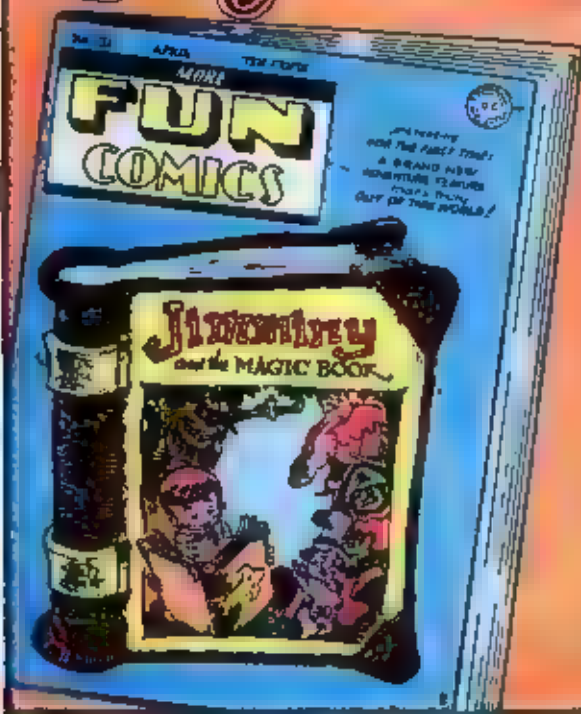
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**MORE FUN COMICS**—  
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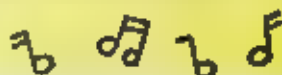
BE SURE TO GET  
*Your* COPY!



# MELODY OF MURDER



by Tom Neill



**DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT BLANEY** said: "You can't think of any reason why someone should want to kill your husband, Mrs. Meggs?"

The blonde woman shook her head. "No, Lieutenant, I can't." She looked at him anxiously. "As for his breaking up the partnership with Arthur Constant, well, those things happen in the songwriting business. I can't imagine Arthur harboring a grudge."

Blaney nodded. "I guess you're right, Mrs. Meggs. He's done all right as a lyric writer himself. But he seemed to sell more songs with your husband's melodies."

Lieutenant Blaney had come to the penthouse an hour earlier. Martin Meggs, one of the world's foremost tunesmiths had been found dead in his penthouse apartment. Mrs. Meggs had been on Long Island, visiting friends. The butler, finding the body, had summoned her immediately, after notifying police.

Blaney said "The only thing that puzzles me is why Mr. Meggs had this secret entrance built to the penthouse."

His widow smiled. "When you're as popular as Arthur, you've got to sort of sneak in and out. There were always people trying to get to him. He hated to give testimonials for things, and he wouldn't play benefits." She played with her hands, expressively, said, "You've probably read how eccentric he was."

"Yes. I understand his working habits were the same."

"That's right," Mrs. Meggs moved over to a beautiful console radio-phonograph. "This was his piano."

"His what?"

"His way of expressing himself." Alongside the console was a small piano. Mrs. Meggs lifted the lid on the console, brought

out a small microphone. "Very few people know this," she said, "but Martin used to compose his tunes by singing into this mike. Or playing a number. See."

The woman flipped a switch. Blaney nodded approval as, from the record, there came a catchy tune.

For a moment, Mrs. Meggs trembled as her late husband's voice came through the loudspeaker. Then she switched off the apparatus. "He liked to play them back. That way he could detect any flaws in his melody. He was working on this song when I left. Nobody has heard it yet."

"I see." Blaney picked up his hat. "Well, Mrs. Meggs, we'll do what we can to pick up your husband's killer." His voice sounded confident. But Blaney was anything but that.

Outside, he climbed into his car. This case was really a puzzle. Whoever the murderer was, he had covered his tracks carefully. Without any great trouble, he had gotten into the penthouse unobserved, used the secret entrance, effected the murder, and gone out again, unrecognized except by his victim.

But who? Blaney shrugged. Mrs. Meggs had covered up that avenue pretty effectively. "Not only Arthur Constant, but Charlie Dawes, Dick La Cava, Bunny Bonura, and a number of other songwriters had had, at some time, access to that secret entrance."

It would take a good while to question them all. And the longer it took, the tougher it would be to pick up any trail the killer might have left. Blaney wasn't kidding himself that this was one of the toughest cases he had ever tackled.

He told that to the commissioner as he returned to police headquarters some four hours later. The commissioner shook his

head. "We've got to make an arrest fast, Blaney," he said. "This Meggs was a pretty big guy. And you know how the Mayor thrives on what the Broadway columns say."

"Yeah. I know," Blaney assented gloomily. "One line in any of those boys' columns and he takes it seriously. You'd think the editorial pages of every paper in the country were after him."

"Not only that, Blaney, Meggs was a personal friend of the Mayor's." The commissioner looked worried. "What do you propose to do? And for heavens sake, Eddie, stop that whistling."

Blaney grinned. "Sorry. I heard the tune in Meggs' apartment. One he was working on for some picture deal he had just signed. The lyric was good too. I suppose a songwriter gets paid more for words and music, than just music."

"I wouldn't know," said the commissioner. "Just stop the whistling. I've got a headache."

"Okay," said Blaney, cheerily. "I think I'll run up and talk to Constant now. He might give me a lead. He was out when I was there this afternoon."

Arthur Constant opened the door himself. He was wearing a vividly-colored dressing gown. He greeted Blaney cordially, said: "I've been waiting for you, Lieutenant. My man, who has the evening off, left a message that you called." He led the way into a sumptuous living room. Logs crackled in the fireplace. Constant's desk was littered with papers.

"I've been working on a new number," he said, smiling. "You know a lyricist's life isn't his own. Always work and more work. Have a drink, Lieutenant?"

"No, thanks," Blaney smiled. "I thought you might be able to give me a hand. We know Meggs was murdered. But why?"

"I don't know," Constant said slowly. "His death will be a great loss to the music world. The man was a genius. I enjoyed the two years I worked with him." He spread his hands, expressively. "Of course you know we split up. Martin decided he could write his own lyrics."

"I know," Blaney's eyes bored into Constant's. "You haven't seen him since the splitup?"

Constant shook his head. "Not for two weeks. I've been commissioned to write the lyrics for the new Seanties Revue. I've been too busy to see anyone." He pursed his lips. "I'm not saying I won't miss Martin. He was great, could pick rhythms out of the air."

Constant brought out a large volume from the middle drawer of his desk. "I kept this scrapbook of press clippings on Martin and me," he said. "Like to look at it while I finish a line I was writing when you came in?"

"Sure." Blaney took the book. It was filled with pictures and writeups of the pair. Engrossed, he turned the pages, humming to himself.

At his desk, Constant labored over a sheet of paper.

Blaney, humming, suddenly realized he might be disturbing the songwriter. He stopped humming. Then, he stiffened. Constant, while working on his lyrics, was humming absently.

Blaney got to his feet. The writer looked up. "What's the trouble, Lieutenant? Bored?" He smiled affably. "I'll be through in a minute."

Blaney stared at him. "You're through now, Constant," he said. "Come along with me."

"What?" The songwriter looked at him, his expression incredulous. "What are you talking about?"

"The tune you were humming," Blaney said evenly. "When I stopped singing it, you picked it up and hummed the rest of the melody." His voice was cold. "That melody happens to be the song Martin Meggs composed this morning. And the only one who could have heard it besides Mrs. Meggs and me, was the killer—Meggs was writing it when the killer arrived!" He shrugged. "And it probably added fuel to your murderous rage, Constant, to discover Meggs had written another hit. Alone, this time!"



# PROOF DIDD

WHOLESALE DEALER IN STAR DUST, AND  
AN ASTROLOGICAL ORACLE OF THE FUTURE  
OF WHOM THERE ARE NONE ORACLER--!

"THIS IS A MONTH DURING WHICH THE PLANETARY  
ASPECTS WILL BE MOST FAVORABLE TO THOSE BORN  
UNDER THE SIGNS OF JUPITER, VIRGO, ARIES AND  
CAPRICORN.— ALSO THOSE WITH A BULGING TRUST FUND,  
A YACHT AND A 500 ACRE ESTATE, WITH NO MORTGAGES.  
GREAT PROMISE OF IMPROVEMENT IS IN STORE FOR MANY  
KIND GENERALLY AND — I ALSO PREDICT THAT...

... BY A SECRET CHEMICAL  
PROCESS CERTAIN GRAIN  
STALKS OF STRAW, WHEN  
CROSSED WITH LEATHER  
SWEATBANDS (SIZED TO  
SUIT), WILL SOON PRODUCE  
A VERY HUSKY CROP OF  
STRAW HATS ANNUALLY!

YEAH... NEXT YEAR I'M  
GONNA RAISE ME SOME  
PANAMAS.

AND BY A NEWLY DISCOVERED  
DEVICE YOU WILL GET ALL OF  
ONE DAY'S WRONG PHONE  
NUMBERS IN A BUNCH — FROM  
10:40 A.M. TO 0:50 A.M., —  
THAT'S WILL SAVE A HEAP OF  
HEADACHE TABLETS!

THANK YOU, THANK YOU! THANKS!  
NOW I'M GONNA PLAY A L I L GOLF.

QUICK-FREEZING PROCESSED FOOD WILL FILL THE RESTAURANT MENUS A FEW SHORT MONTHS FROM NOW! AND AN ORDINARY MEAL WILL BE ORDERED SOMETHING LIKE THIS—

'LO, SENATOR—LEMME HAVE AN ICICLE OF ROAST BEEF—SOME SLEET CLAM CHOWDER—SLUSH PUMPKIN PIE A LA MODE AN' A BLIZZARD OF JAVA.'

MAGNESIUM, THE LIGHTEST METAL IN THE WORLD WILL SOON FILL ITS OWN IMPORTANT PLACE IN WORLD AFFAIRS—AND IN A BIG WAY!

GOT SICK N' TIRED WORRYIN' 'BOUT THIS BEING IN THE OFFICE ALONE EVERY NIGHT—NOW I BRING IT HOME!

FLOATING COUNTRY ESTATES WILL SOON BE AVAILABLE TO THE TOURIST-MINDED STAY-AT-HOMES—LABRADOR IN THE SUMMER—THE CARIBBEAN IN THE WINTER (SEASONING BOTH WAYS EN ROUTE) SIZED 5 TO 20 ACRES. SPEED 20 KNOTS—

JUNIOR,—WHERE'S YOUR PAP?

HE'S DOWN CELLAR, MAW—TRAWLING FOR SHARKS.

PILOT HOUSE



A NEW VENDING MACHINE THAT PROMISES TO GIVE YOU A HAIRCUT, SHAMPOO, SHAVE, SHINE, SHINE WITH COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS—ALL IN 3 MINUTES, TO THE TUNE OF LOHENGRIN, WILL SOON BE OFFERED FOR PUBLIC SALE—

AND SCIENCE WILL FINALLY PERFECT A METHOD FOR TAKING THE SHINE OUT OF A BLUE SERGE SUIT, WHILE ALSO CHANGING THE COLOR, SIZE AND STYLE OF THE GARMENT ALL IN ONE 3 MINUTE OPERATION.

IF I NEVER COME BACK, I'LL EVA— I'LL WRITE!

NO TIPPING PLEASE

NOW IT'S A GREEN TWEED OVERCOAT—TOO BIG THOUGH! OBOY! AM I PROUD!





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Navy P4U

Arrows show uses  
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for building model planes. With **PLASTIC  
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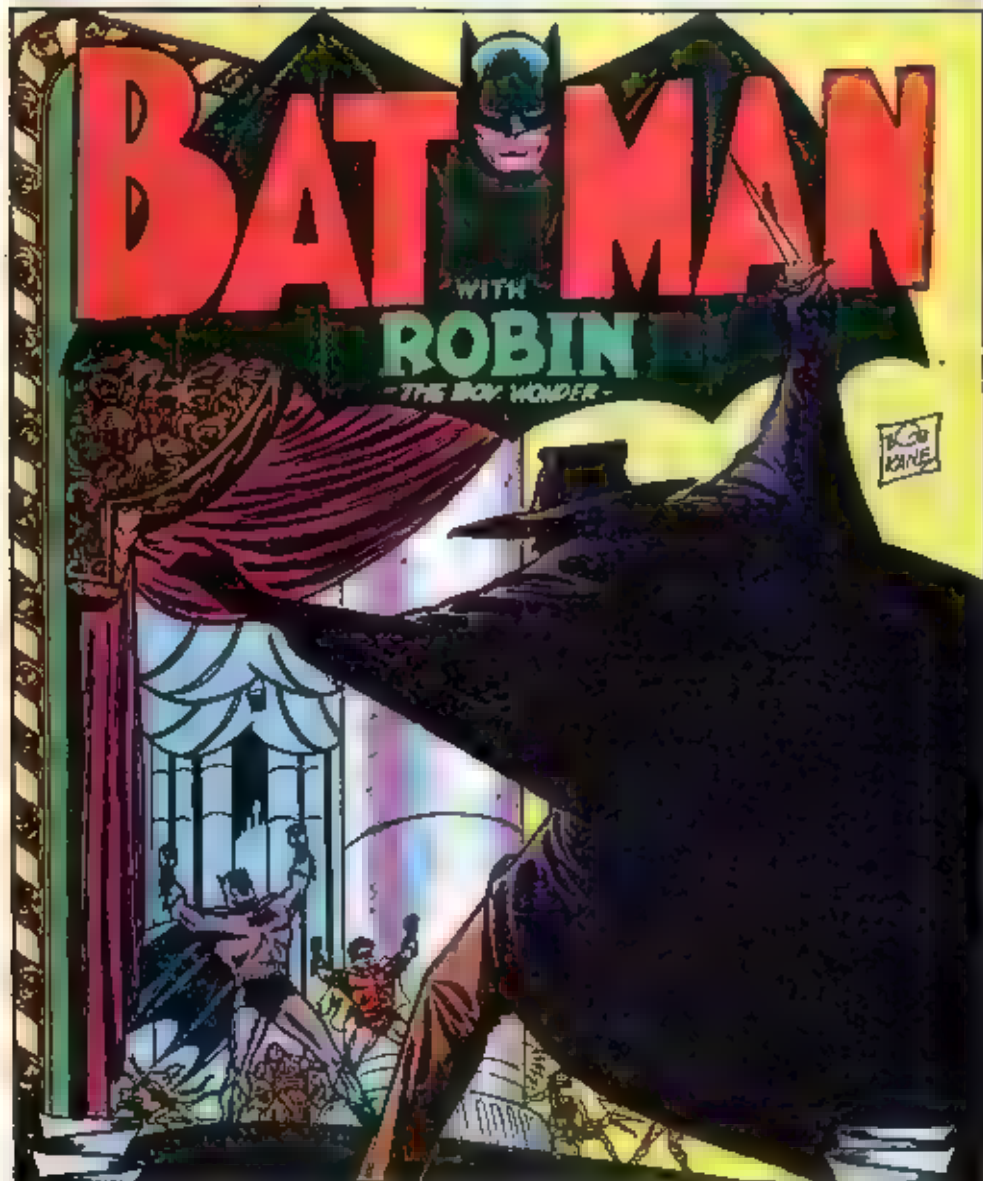
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**PLASTIC WOOD**





TRAGEDY IN THE GRAND TRADITION BROODS OVER THE GOTHAM CITY OPERA, WHERE LOVELY HERDINES SIGH FOR GOLDEN-THROATED HEROES AND DYING IS MERELY THE FINAL NOTE OF PATHOS IN MELODIOUS MAKE BELIEVE! BUT WHEN A PHANTOM KILLER STILLS FOREVER THE GOLDEN VOICES OF FAMOUS SINGERS - THEN BATMAN AND ROBIN ENTER THE SCENE TO SOLVE THE SHOCKING CASE OF - "THE GRAND OPERA MURDERS!"

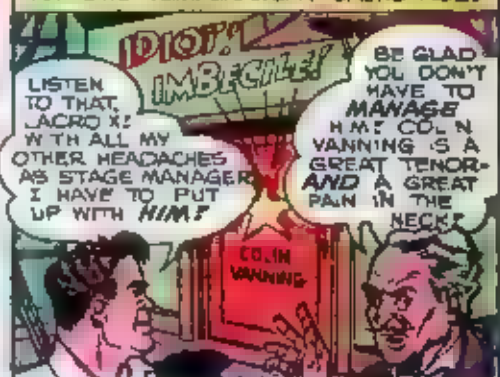


OPENING NIGHT OF GOTHAM CITY'S  
GRAND OPERA SEASON BRINGS  
OUT SOCIETY FOLK ALSO MANY  
SINCERE OPERA LOVERS...



**I Pagli**  
**COLIN**  
**VANNING**  
—\*—  
**VIOLA ESTES**  
—\*—  
**GRAHAM LEND**

IT BRINGS, TOO, A GREAT SHOW OF  
ARTISTIC TEMPERAMENT BACKSTAGE!



LISTEN  
TO THAT,  
LACROIX!  
WITH ALL MY  
OTHER HEADACHES  
AS STAGE MANAGER,  
I HAVE TO PUT  
UP WITH HIM!

BE GLAD  
YOU DON'T  
HAVE TO  
MANAGE  
HIM! COLIN  
VANNING IS A  
GREAT TENOR  
AND A GREAT  
PAIN IN THE  
NECK!

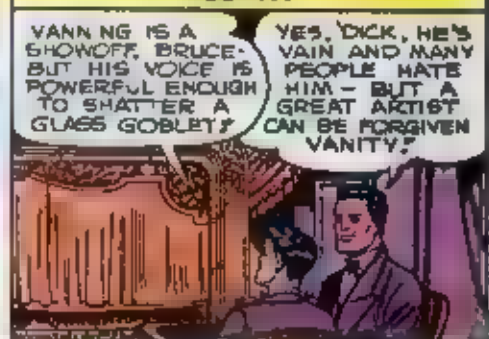
BEHIND THE DOOR, VANNING DRESSES  
FOR THE ROLE OF CANIO IN  
*I PAGLIACCI*...



BE CAREFUL WITH  
THAT COLLAR  
FOOL!

Y-YES SIR  
MR VANNING,  
SIR!

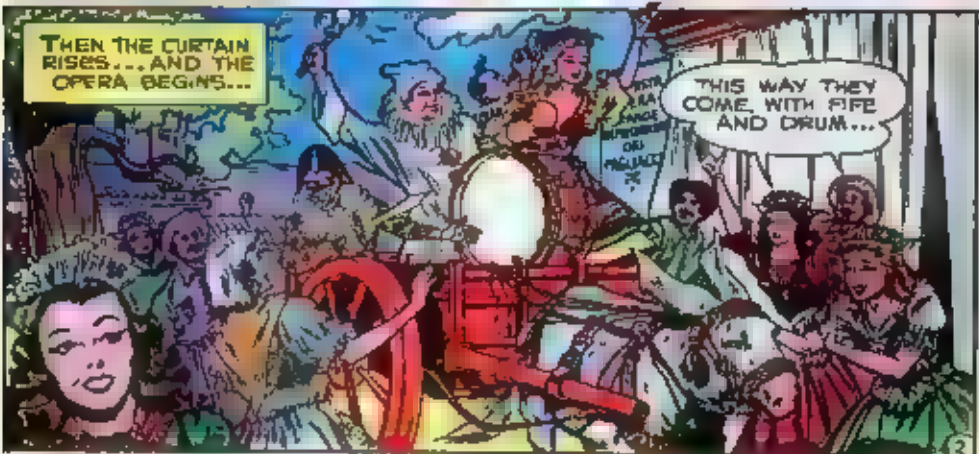
MEANWHILE, **BRUCE WAYNE**  
AND HIS YOUNG WARD, **DICK**  
**GRAYSON**, ENTER THEIR OPERA  
BOX...



VANNING IS A  
SHOWOFF, BRUCE—  
BUT HIS VOICE IS  
POWERFUL ENOUGH  
TO SHATTER A  
GLASS GOBLET!

YES, DICK, HE'S  
VAIN AND MANY  
PEOPLE HATE  
HIM—BUT A  
GREAT ARTIST  
CAN BE FORGIVEN  
VANITY!

THEN THE CURTAIN  
RISES...AND THE  
OPERA BEGINS...



THIS WAY THEY  
COME, WITH FIFE  
AND DRUM...

PRESENTLY, THE LAST ACT DURING WHICH THE OPERA NEARS ITS TRAGIC CLIMAX.



IT IS CANIO!  
HE WILL KILL  
YOU! YOU MUST  
FLEE!

I GO!

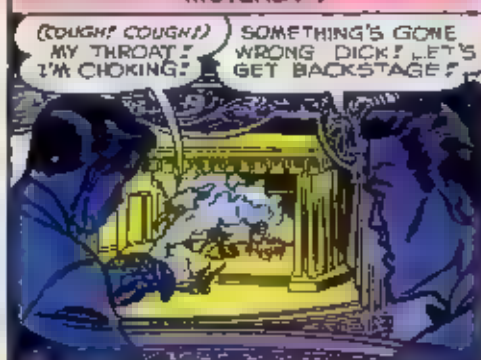
A FAKE BLADE FLASHES AND CANIO PRETENDS TO SLAY COLUMBINE AND SILV O, A VILLAGER WHO RACES TO PROTECT HER- ACCORDING TO THE SCRIPT.



NO PUNCH NELLO AM I  
BUT A MAN!

MURDER!

NOW FOR THE TRAGIC CLOWN'S CLOSING LINE -- "THE COMEDY IS ENDED!" BUT, INSTEAD...



(COUGH! COUGH!)  
MY THROAT!  
I'M CHOKING!

SOMETHING'S GONE  
WRONG DICK! LET'S  
GET BACKSTAGE!

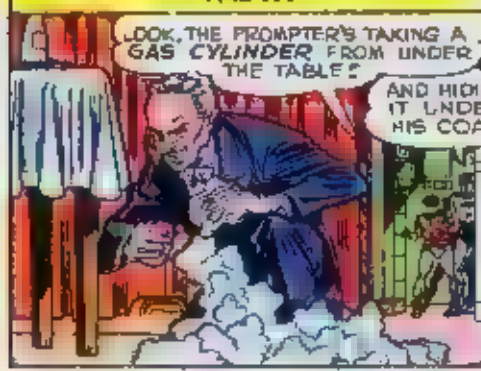
IN THE CORRIDOR BEHIND THEIR BOX, BRUCE AND DICK REMOVE OUTER CLOTHES -- AND BATMAN AND ROBIN RACE FOR THE WINGS!



THEY'RE DEAD, KILLED BY POISON  
GAS! OPEN THE STAGE DOORS WIDE  
AND LET IN FRESH AIR!

AND I'LL BET IT  
WAS NO ACCIDENT!

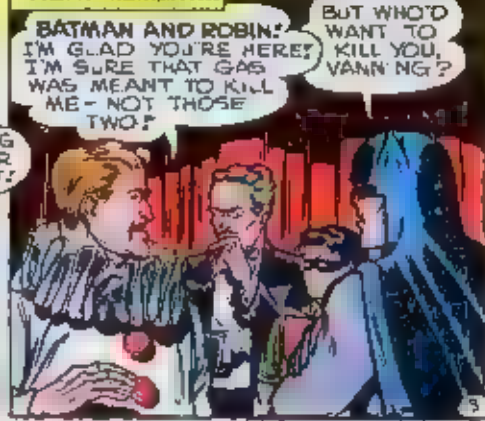
AS THE CAST GATHERS AROUND THE VICTIMS, MANAGER DIRECTOR JACROIX EMERGES FROM THE PROMPTER'S BOX, AND...



LOOK, THE PROMPTER'S TAKING A  
GAS CYLINDER FROM UNDER  
THE TABLE!

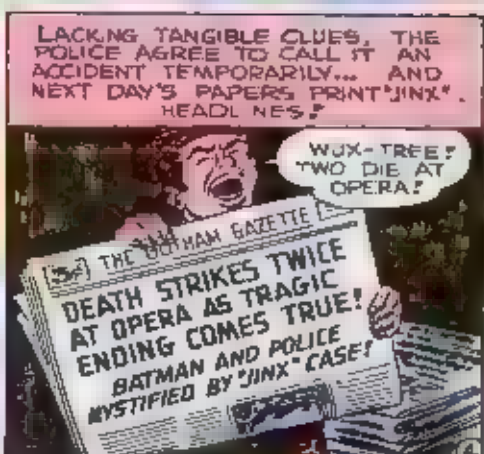
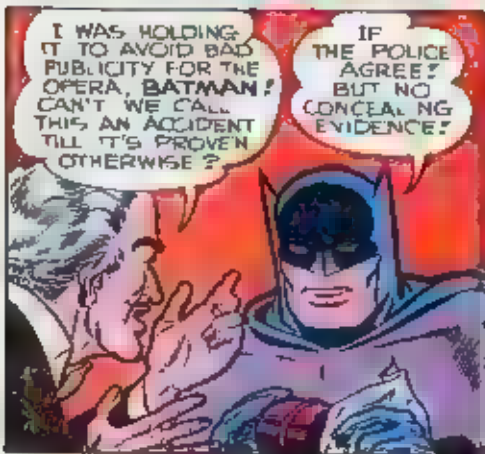
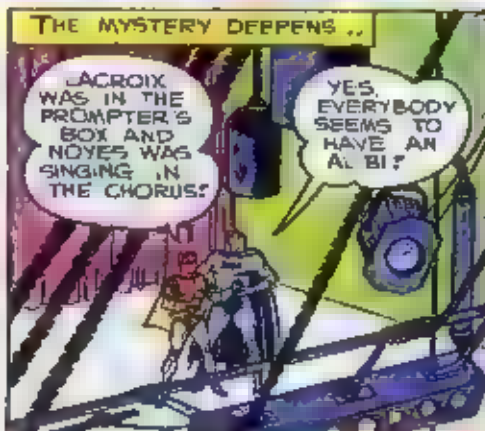
AND HIDING IT  
UNDER  
HIS COAT!

NEXT MOMENT...



BATMAN AND ROBIN!  
I'M GLAD YOU'RE HERE!  
I'M SURE THAT GAS  
WAS MEANT TO KILL  
ME - NOT THOSE  
TWO!

BUT WHO'D  
WANT TO  
KILL YOU,  
VANN NG?





TOSCA IS THE NEXT OPERA ON THE BILL... AND TWO SPECTATORS ARRIVE EARLY TO CONCEAL THEMSELVES HIGH ABOVE THE STAGE!

EVERYTHING'S READY-AND THE STAGEHANDS ARE OUT TO SUPPER?

WHEN THE CURTAIN RISES, COLIN VANNING, AS MARIO WILL BE ON THAT SCAFFOLD, PAINTING A MURAL?

SUDDENLY- A DARK FIGURE APPEARS BELOW...

ON YOUR TOES, ROBIN! THIS LOOKS LIKE PLANS FOR ANOTHER "ACCIDENT"?

NO DOUBT ABOUT WHO THE KILLER IS AFTER THIS TIME? HE'S FIXING THAT SCAFFOLD SO IT WILL FALL WITH VANNING!

LIKE GRIM BIRDS OF PREY, THE DUO SWOOPS- BUT THEIR GLARRY IS NOT TO BE TAKEN BY SURPRISE!

BATMAN YOU'LL NEVER CATCH ME!

DODGE THAT SCAFFOLD ROBIN!

DODGE IT, HE SAYS TO ME- AND LOOK AT HIM?

OOOFF!

SECONDS LATER, AS THEY RUN OFF-STAGE...

CROWLEY? DID YOU MEET ANYBODY RUNNING OUT OF HERE?

NO I'VE BEEN DRAPED OVER MY FAVORITE JUKE BOX FOR THE LAST HALF HOUR!

AFTER A FUTILE SEARCH, THE DYNAMIC DUO WATCHES AND WAITS AS THE OPERA NEARS THE LAST, FATAL SCENE...

THE FIRING SQUAD FOR THE MOCK EXECUTION OF MARIO... I LOADED THE GUNS WITH BLANKS- SO NOBODY WILL GET KILLED IN THIS SCENE!

LOOK! CROWLEY- AT THE TABLE WHERE THE MUSKETS WERE LAYING!



THEN CROWLEY RUSHES UP TO BATMAN ..

I FOUND A BLANK CARTRIDGE ON THE TABLE! WHAT IF SOMEONE PUT A REAL ONE IN ITS PLACE IN ONE OF THE MUSKETS?

GREAT SCOTT-- AND THEY'RE READY TO SHOOT?

READY-- AIM--

SHOTS RING OUT-- BUT FAR MORE THRILLING TO THE AUDIENCE IS AN UNSCHEDULED ENTRANCE BY BATMAN!

BRAVO, BATMAN!

FIRE! WHAT?

ABOUT TIME THEY PEPPED UP THESE OLD OPERAS!

AFTER THE CURTAIN FALLS...

HERE'S THE BULLET HOLE! SEE? IT WOULD HAVE BEEN IN VANNG IF I HAD NOT INTERFERED!

IT'S ME THEY'RE AFTER! AND THE KILLER IS SOMEONE ON THIS STAGE!

THE BARREL OF NOYES' MUSKET SHOWS IT FIRED A REAL BULLET!

CROWLEY HAS CHARGE OF THE PROPS AND HE HANDED ME THAT MUSKET!

LATER, IN MANAGER LACROIX'S OFFICE...

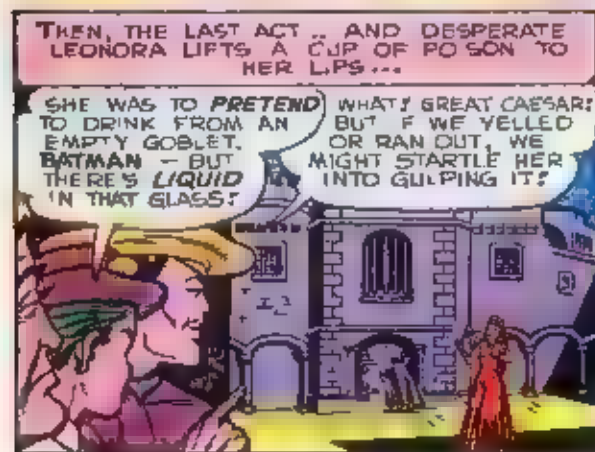
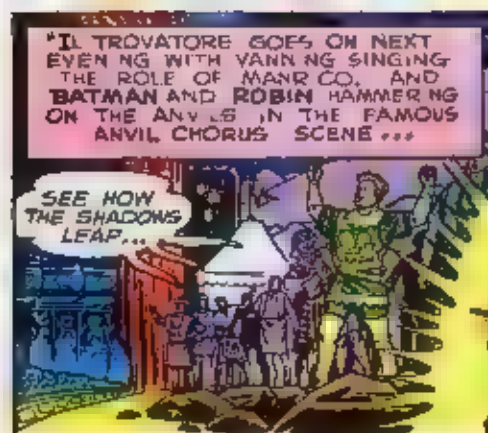
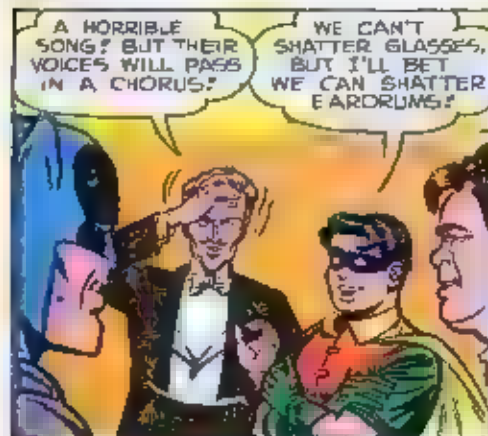
WE'LL TRY A NEW STRATEGY TO SOLVE THIS CASE, LACROIX! ROBIN AND I WILL SING IN YOUR NEXT OPERA-- IN DISGUISE!

SHADES OF MOZART? GOOD SINGERS DIE-- AND I MUST REPLACE THEM WITH DETECTIVES! LET ME HEAR YOU SING...

LAY THAT PISTOL DOWN, BARGE...

BRAVO! BEST SINGING I'VE HEARD YET IN THIS JOINT!

STOP IT!





AND A SINGLE, MAGNIFICENT, PIERCING NOTE FILLS THE THEATER AS LEONORA HESITATES. THE GOBLET VIBRATING IN HER HAND



SO LEONORA DOES NOT DRINK— BUT PRETENDS DEATH ANYWAY AS THE DEATH OF MANRICO IS ENACTED...

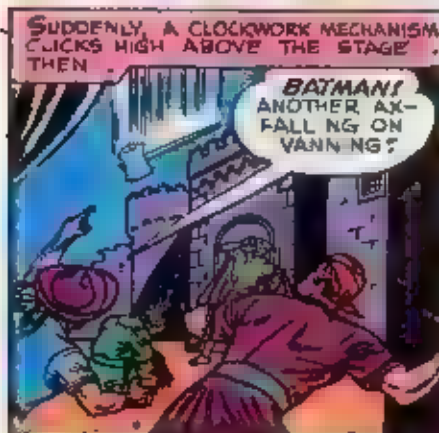
THE COUNT IS CONDEMNING THE TROUBADOUR TO DEATH... NOW I'LL TAKE THE HEADSMAN'S PART!

THEN WE CAN BE SURE THE AX WON'T DO ANY REAL DAMAGE!



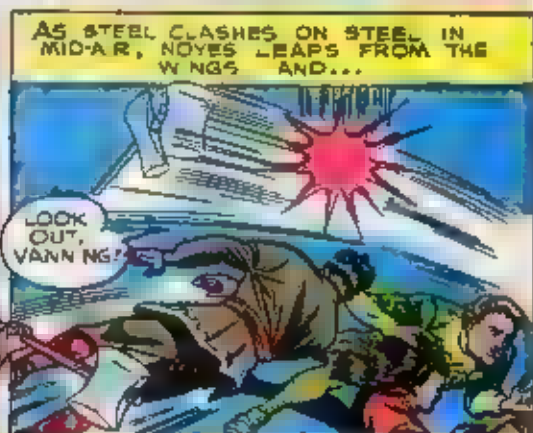
SUDDENLY, A CLOCKWORK MECHANISM CLICKS HIGH ABOVE THE STAGE. THEN...

BATMAN! ANOTHER AX-FALLING ON VANNING!



AS STEEL CLASHES ON STEEL IN MID-AIR, NOYES LEAPS FROM THE WINGS AND...

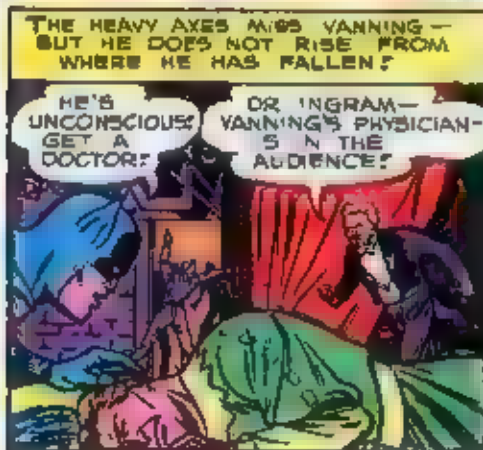
LOOK OUT, VANNING!



THE HEAVY AXES MISS VANNING— BUT HE DOES NOT RISE FROM WHERE HE HAS FALLEN!

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS! GET A DOCTOR!

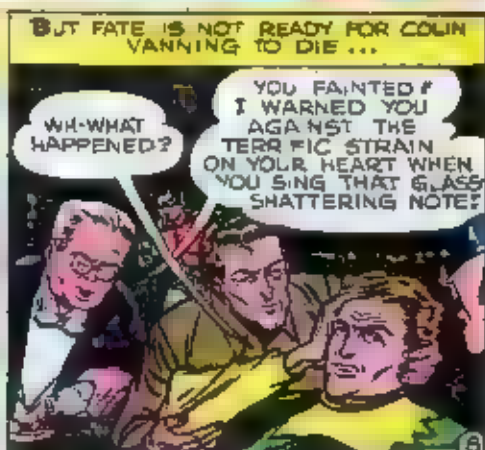
OR INGRAM— VANNING'S PHYSICIAN— IS IN THE AUDIENCE!

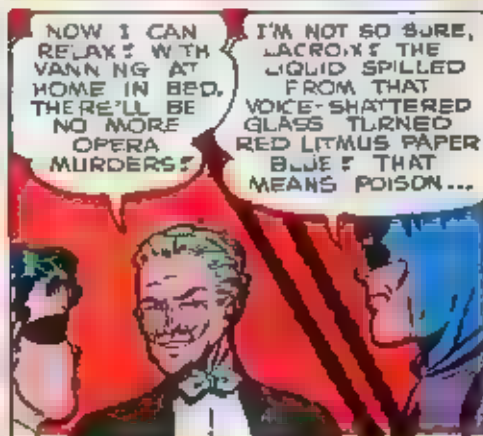
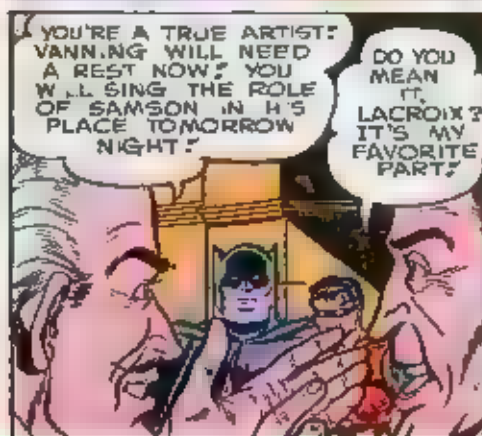
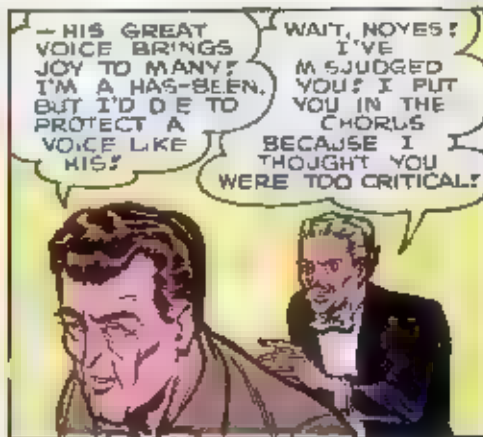
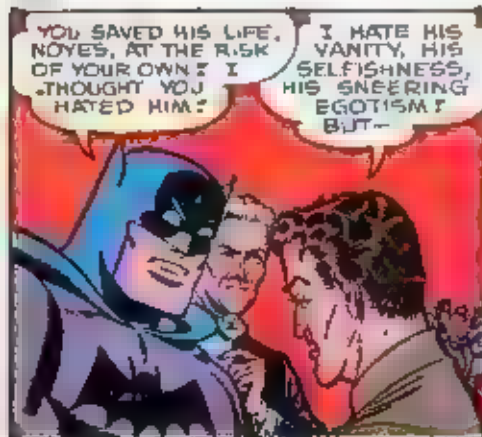


BUT FATE IS NOT READY FOR COLIN VANNING TO DIE...

WH-WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU FAINTED? I WARNED YOU AGAINST THE TERRIFIC STRAIN ON YOUR HEART WHEN YOU SING THAT GLASS-SHATTERING NOTE!



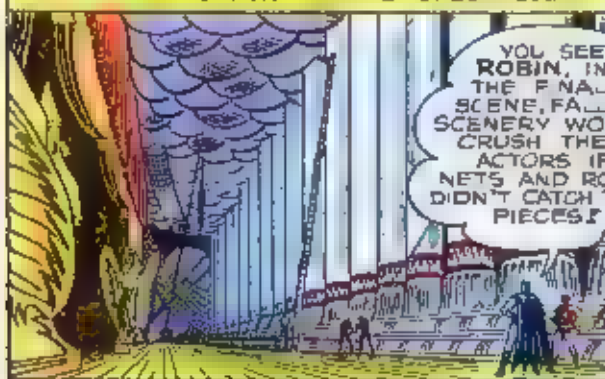


MADMAN...  
PHANTOM...

LECROIX'S SHOCKED WORDS ECHO IN NEWSPAPER HEADLINES AND RADIO NEWSCASTS...

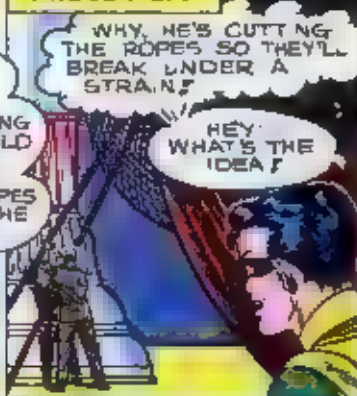
MEANWHILE, GOTHAMITES OFFER FANTASTIC SUMS FOR TICKETS TO "SAMSON AND DELILAH"— THE OPERATIC VERSION OF ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST FAMOUS TALES OF TREACHERY AND VENGEANCE?

NEXT DAY, BATMAN AND ROBIN WATCH PREPARATIONS FOR THE BIG SPECTACLE.



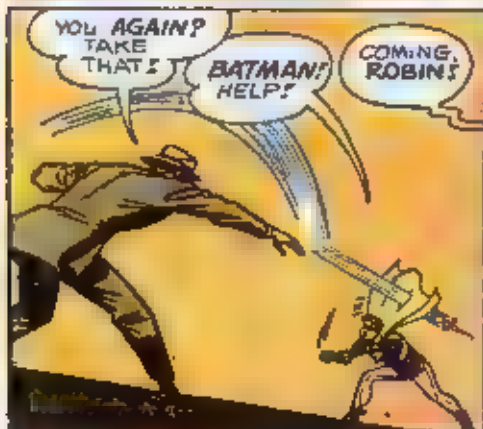
YOU SEE, ROBIN, IN THE FINAL SCENE, FALLING SCENERY WOULD CRUSH THE ACTORS IF NETS AND ROPES DIDN'T CATCH THE PIECES.

PRESENTLY.



WHY, HE'S CUTTING THE ROPES SO THEY'LL BREAK UNDER A STRAIN.

HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA?



YOU AGAIN? TAKE THAT!

BATMAN! HELP!

COMING, ROBIN!



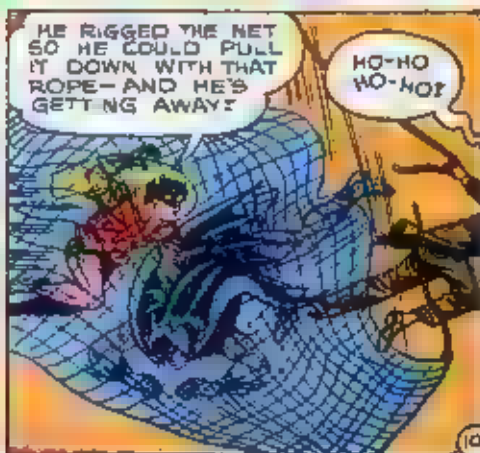
THANKS, PAL!

HE'S NOT AS GOOD AT DODGING AS YOU ARE!



OOOH-H-H!

I'LL MAKE HIM SORRY FOR THAT!



HE RIGGED THE NET SO HE COULD PULL IT DOWN WITH THAT ROPE—AND HE'S GETTING AWAY!

HO-HO HO-HO!



ONCE MORE, THE DYNAMIC DUO SEARCHES BACKSTAGE AT VAN N.

MUST BE A THOUSAND HIDING PLACES HERE!

HMM—THE DOOR OF VANNING'S DRESSING ROOM IS OPEN! LET'S GO IN!

COLIN VANNING

OH, BOY, WHAT A MAKE-UP KIT! PAINTS, PUTTY, FALSE WIGS AND WHISKERS, NOSTRIL PLUGS AND . . .

NOSTRIL PLUGS? HMM . . . HEY LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THAT KIT!

SUDDENLY . . .

WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOING IN MY DRESSING ROOM?

VANNING! THE DOCTOR TOLD YOU TO STAY IN BED!

BAH! ALL DOCTORS ARE FOOLST! AND I REFUSE TO LET ANYTHING INTERFERE WITH MY SINGING!

PLEASE, VANNING, DON'T GO ON! I'M AFRAID OF WHAT MAY HAPPEN TO YOU! BESIDES, I PROMISED NOYES YOUR ROLE!

LET NOYES SING THE SECOND TENOR LEAD? AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!

I THINK HE DOES, AT THAT LACROIX! LET HIM SING!

JUST BEFORE CURTAIN TIME THE NET AND ROPES ARE GIVEN A FINAL TEST . . .

THIS IS FUN!

WHAT I'M DOING MAY NOT BE ART BUT IT'S IN THE CAUSE OF ART!



VANNING RELEASED THAT POISON GAS THE FIRST NIGHT WEARING NOSTRIL PLUGS TO SAVE HIMSELF? HE WANTED TO KILL OTHERS BEFORE HIMSELF?

BUT WHY?

HIS HEART AILMENT WOULD HAVE FORCED HIS RETIREMENT SOON? SO HE PLANNED TO DIE - AND TO TAKE WITH HIM THOSE WHO WOULD CONTINUE TO GET THE APPLAUSE HE LOVED.

A GREAT SINGER BUT A MADMAN?

HE WAS AN EGOMANIAC? HE WANTED TO DIE SPECTACULARLY SO THAT HE WOULD BE REMEMBERED?

AND HE DID?

WHEN HE HAD THAT STROKE LAST NIGHT, HE REALIZED HE COULD BURST HIS HEART, AS HE SHATTERED GOBELTS, WITH THAT TERRIFIC NOTE? TONIGHT, HE SANG THAT NOTE - BUT LOUDER AND LONGER...

UNTIL HIS HEART SHATTERED?

SO ENDS OUR STORY, AS TRAGICALLY AS ANY OPERA AND ANOTHER EVENING...

NOYES RATES THE BREAKS, HE'S GETTING. HE HASN'T VANNING'S COLOR, BUT HE'S A GREAT TENOR?

TAKE A LOOK, BRUCE? THERE'S CROWLEY AND LACROIX?

BUT I NEED YOU AT REHEARSAL, CROWLEY?

SEE MY ASSISTANT? I NEED SOME JUKE BOX JIVE TO FORTIFY ME AGAINST TONIGHT'S SCREECHING?





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